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CORRESPONDENCE: THE CHURCH IN CRISIS

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NEWS & VIEWS

Basil of Westminster

The Economist appears to have been the only British publication to speculate successfully on the new Archbishop of Westminster, Benedictine Abbot Basil Hume of Ampleforth, so it seems logical to return to *The Economist* for its reaction. (Hume was such an outsider that British bookmakers—they bet in England on dogs, horses and new Archbishops of Westminster—weren't even quoting odds on him.)

The Economist was pleased.

"The Vatican could not often be praised in recent years for its wisdom," *The Economist* stated. "This week it can be."

Hume, the journal said, was "the best of several good men" and arrives at Westminster, Britain's primatial see, "at a fairly desperate moment in the church's fortunes."

Last year, *The Economist* noted, only half as many babies in England and Wales were baptized as 10 years ago; over half the Catholic boys have lapsed from the faith by the time they are 15 years old; converts have dwindled to a trickle.

If anyone can turn the situation around, it is Hume, thinks *The Economist*. However, it warned, "he has somehow, to fend off that yen for administration and purple which is the Catholic hierarchy's curse. He must, in short, be left free for his real task which is to speak the faith for Catholics, and for other Christians: in his own way, for he is no orator. A man of considerable, if masked, political subtlety, his real calling is to fight secularism with his evident saintliness rather than with manoeuvring."

"A touch of Newman after a strong dose of Manning will do the Catholic church in England no harm," *The Economist* concluded.

The Economist's enthusiasm was shared by the British press generally. *The Times* commented editorially that the appointment was Johannine. "That is to say," the paper explained, "it lay the emphasis on the spiritual character of the church rather than putting it on the institutional character."

The Tablet, Catholic weekly journal of opinion, was caught up by Hume's Benedictine background, and conceded that it was optimistic about Hume for the example two of Hume's Benedictine predecessors in the modern British hierarchy —Ullathorne and Hedley— gave of "unhurried, instructed judgment," as well as for the "calm, courageous confidence" which Benedictine spirituality produces.

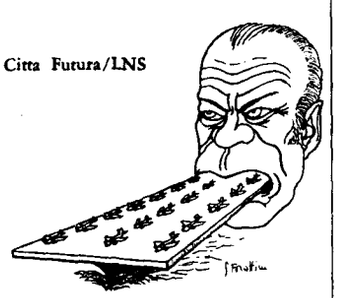
The Tablet reflected that British Benedictine spirituality derives not only from the tradition of centuries, but from the fact that, through Benedictine schools and university chaplaincies, it "is refreshed by constant contact with youthful experience."

Who supplied the inspiration for this so widely acclaimed appointment?

The *Manchester Guardian* —pleased, incidentally, to the point of saying Hume "would look well" in either the Catholic or Anglican church—suggested the inspiration might have come from a couple of laymen.

It reported that "Archbishop Bruno Heim, the Pope's man in London, carried letters to Rome supporting the Abbot's candidature from Mr. William Rees Mogg, the editor of *The Times*, and Mr. Norman St. John-Stevas MP."

Citta Futura/LNS



Pesos for the Virgin

Organized religion is costly in Mexico this year, James E. Goff writes in *Latinamerica Press*, and in the scramble for the peso the Virgin is easily outdistancing Billy Graham.

Protestants are being asked to come up with 25 million pesos ($2 million) for a Billy Graham Crusade, Goff reports. But Catholics are being asked to raise six times that amount, at least 150 million pesos ($12 million), for a new Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

The Protestant fund campaign is quiet and subtle, says Goff, accenting spirituality and the need to hear the Gospel. The Catholic campaign, by contrast, rolls along to what Goff calls "high pressure techniques": "Collection boxes are in churches as well as Mexico City's subway stations. All Mexican banks are selling 'Guadalupe bonds' in small and large denominations. TV commercials remind the people that 'All Mexicans are Guadalupans.' "

Apparently enthusiasm for the new basilica is more governmental at the moment than it is ecclesiastical. Its construction was decided upon by President Luis Echeverria and the Abbot of Guadalupe, Guillermo Schulemburg, O.P. Mexico City's Cardinal Miguel Dario Miranda was then summoned and informed of the plan. The Bishops' Conference was not consulted.

The bishops had their inning, however. With construction half-finished and dedication scheduled for next October, Echeverria sought, through the Apostolic Delegate, to have the bishops invite Pope Paul for the ceremonies. Their pique unrequited, the bishops turned down the request, presumably because they do not want the government to get credit for the basilica.

Some priests, as those of the Diocese of Cuernavaca, have expressed misgivings over the basilica project. If this has slowed down contributions, no one seems particularly concerned. "The Virgin's credit is good," the banks announce, as they push the sale of Guadalupe bonds.

If it isn't good enough to raise the whole amount, the government is expected to pick up the tab.

There's little chance, by the bye, of the new Guadalupe basilica becoming a schedule casualty in the fashion of the new Olympic stadium in Montreal. More than 900 laborers are on the job, and work goes on from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Odds and Ends

—The *New York Times*, in noting the death of Archbishop Thomas d'Esterre Roberts, recalled that in his campaign against ecclesiastical pomp, he divested himself of his episcopal ring. If anyone went looking to kiss it, he would remark jocularly, "I carry it in my back pocket."

—A Schenectady man, commenting in the March 1 *Time* on its earlier piece on the modernizing of the Anglican Book of Common Prayer: "Anyone who thinks a new prayer book will help us Anglicans should attend his nearest Roman Catholic church next Sunday to see what a mess they made of their English translation. There are plenty of churches around for the semiliterate. Suppose somebody had tried to make Shakespeare or John Donne more readable." . . .To which, Amen.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Church in Crisis

Hollis, N.Y.

To the Editors: Your editorial, "The Crisis" [Jan. 2] does a disservice to your readers. It tends to polarize opinion in the church and indulges in recriminations against the bishops. One feels that the editors could have been more mature in trying to understand the episcopal position even though they had to criticize it sharply. That would have been the way to argue the weaknesses of their "Pastoral Plan for Pro-Life Activities" and to indicate, in your considered judgment, what harm would result from attempts to implement that statement fully.

Instead you succumbed to facile opportunism, blamed them for the loss in church membership and attendance, and chastised them for a woeful lack of leadership without demonstrating how their actions and statements have been the chief cause of people leaving the church. It is irresponsible to lump all the unresolved issues in the contemporary church together and then to lay blame for all the resulting ill effects at the feet of authority. It would have been better to realize that, particularly in these times, bishops also have to face perplexing ambiguities and that any reluctance, hesitancy or inability to respond positively and promptly to the various demands of Catholics, many of them relatively new and somewhat surprising in view of our past history, should not be apodictically termed "refusing to listen to the Spirit."

Abortion is a specific issue. It involves different members of the church, including the bishops themselves, differently and in varying degrees of directness and intensity. Perhaps for the time being only an uneasy coexistence is possible between the staunch pro-lifers and the more tolerant and less dogmatic among us. This situation would impose a heavier burden on many in both camps and we need eloquent, responsible and persuasive voices to bring this

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TOWARDS NOVEMBER'S ELECTION

If there is any small blessing to be grateful for this far into the quadrennial presidential primary process, it is that the Democratic nominee has not already been determined. Four states—New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Florida—appear to have decided the Republican nominee as Gerald Ford, and may even have washed up Ronald Reagan as the vice-presidential candidate. Such a ticket would, as they say, serve them both right, but not the country as a whole. The political welfare of the nation rests once again with the Democratic party, though hardly, it would seem, with those who, through the Florida vote, have emerged as the party's front-runners. A cold-war warrior like Henry Jackson—who, it develops, would use food as a weapon in a hungry world to strengthen American power—is not our idea of a President of the United States. Nor is a Southern ex-governor without ideology, whose main claim to recognition is that he can defeat George Wallace in "home" territory, and whose principal talent seems to rest in keeping programs and positions sufficiently obscure so as to be read in different ways. In a word, we will have to know much more about Jimmy Carter than we do now in order to work up any enthusiasm for his candidacy.

Precisely because Senator Jackson is who he is, and because Carter is thus far an obfuscator, we are thankful that the Democratic competition has not been prematurely closed—as it might have been with Florida, had Jackson run first instead of third in that state. Which leads anew to some old reservations about the presidential preference system. The primary process is a useful and important tradition. However, so much significance has been attached by the media, and by financial backers of candidates, to returns from early-primary states with small or special-group populations that the validity of the process comes into question. It is doubtful

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that the devisers of the primary system wanted it so to evolve that a handful of states would have inordinate influence over the options open by the time the national conventions rolled around. Yet it could happen this way. Senator Birch Bayh was forced from active competition for the Democratic nomination two states into the preferential primary process; Milton Shapp has withdrawn; Sargent Shriver and Fred Harris may be gone by the time this editorial is in print. Despite the puzzling bid of California's Jerry Brown, one can only lament the radical narrowing of possibilities this early in the process, and wonder whether it is not time to reconsider the idea of a one-day national primary, or, better yet, an idea like Senator Mondale's for six regional primary dates, rotated in order every four years so that no one region would have the advantage of regularly setting the electoral mood for the rest of the country.

As things are this year, Democrats must hope that a couple of shrewd campaigners will not have the nomination predetermined before voters have time to give serious consideration to people like Morris Udall, Frank Church and—hold your breath—Hubert Humphrey.

WASHINGTON REPORT

POLITICAL WINDS FROM THE RIGHT

The month of March isn't yet behind us and the Democratic and Republican presidential nominating conventions won't take place for another four and five months, respectively. Nevertheless, primary results to date make it clear that conventional candidates will be nominated by both major political parties. These two candidates will also have considerable appeal to registered voters of both parties. Why is this?

Significant presidential-preference primaries have already taken place. The traditionally first was the presidential-preference primary in New Hampshire last month, followed on successive Tuesdays by those in Massachusetts, Florida and Illinois. There has been no consistent winner among the Democratic contestants for their party's nomination. Former Governor Jimmy Carter of Georgia won New Hampshire's, but finished fourth a week later in neighboring Massachusetts, whose primary Senator Jackson of Washington won. And in Florida, Carter did rebound to defeat Wallace and Jackson, 3 percent over Wallace and 13 percent over Jackson, who nevertheless is expected to do quite well in the New York State preference primary early next month.

In seeming contrast, the non-elected President Ford has won important preference primaries, although in New Hampshire, by a narrow margin over his major contestant, former Governor Ronald Reagan of California. However, the President's fourth preference primary victory, in Florida, was a decisive one. As a result, Ronald Reagan is in trouble. He needs to win a few primaries.

Actually, the Democratic and Republican preference primaries to date inform us that "liberal" candidates among the Democrats aren't going to do well. The other side of the coin is that candidates, campaigning as if it were the Cold-War years of the 1950s, will do the best among the Democrats. Both President Ford and Reagan, his challenger, are, of course, born-and-bred Republican conservatives, although the latter has the air of an ideologue, particularly when talking about fiscal and foreign policy matters.

This is why it sounds almost wistful, as well as perplexing, when a knowledgeable observer, such as Richard Rovere, suggests otherwise. Recently, in one of his occasional articles, customarily quite sound, that *The New Yorker* magazine publishes, Rovere would have us believe that a candidate of "the left" in the Democratic party has the support to obtain the nomination—impeded currently by a situation in which there are too many of them competing for the support of the same bloc of voters. Instead, it seems to be suggested, they should confer among themselves and agree to leave the field to the strongest among them—Representative Udall, former Senator Harris, Sargent Shriver, etc. This won't occur, based on experience. Liberal contestants historically tend to believe that each has the official and true word—to the exclusion of competitors. Usually, liberal contestants will break camp only after they don't run well in preference primaries and the money runs out—just as Senator Bayh of Indiana decided to do a few days after the Massachusetts primary earlier this month. Senator Church of Idaho, the most recently declared candidate, could prove the thesis of Rovere is correct, but this is not probable. The Senator will not campaign as a "liberal," which his voting record during eighteen years in the Senate suggests he is on most issues.

Whatever our liberal preferences, it would be constructive to realize, for example, that the Democrats running strongest in the primaries have proved themselves acceptable to the growing numbers of conservatives in their party and to those who are unaffiliated registered voters. These Democrats include Carter, Jackson and Governor Wallace of Alabama. Carter and Jackson obviously don't keep the same company that Wallace does. Nevertheless, they do compete for votes from quite conservative voters, North, East, South and West, who agree with Wallace on many issues but can't accept his

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unpleasant characterizations of people and places he opposes.

These days, increasing numbers of Americans have turned away from the progressive leaders in the political party to which they belong. This trend, of course, is reinforced by a similar attitude on the part of unaffiliated voters, who constitute a larger percentage of registered voters than do Republicans. These days, Democratic voters in increasing numbers want no more New Frontiers and Great Societies. This trend may be unsound, but it grows strong. Possibly after a brawl at the nominating convention in July in New York City, Democrats may nominate a New Dealer—say, Senator Humphrey. If Senator Jackson continues to do reasonably well, including winning the New York State primary next month, it would become harder for Humphrey to emerge as an official candidate at the Democratic convention. Humphrey, as the nominee, would be a "status-quo" candidate, supporting programs and policies that even have a degree of being out-dated and expensive. However, there are many Democrats of a progressive nature who are drifting toward a Humphrey candidacy simply as the only means of holding on to achievements already reached, rather than being enthusiastic about the candidate himself. A story in itself is a related development—many, many voters are simply not voting in their primaries, based on comparisons with this year's primaries thus far and those in previous years. Nearly 40 percent of registered voters voted in New Hampshire at its last primary, 1972, while 32 percent voted this year, lower, too, than the 1968 turn-out.

Humphrey aside, the combined support for Carter, Jackson and Wallace can not be overlooked—or minimized. In Massachusetts, Jackson, the winner, with 23 percent, Wallace placing third with 17 percent and Carter fourth with 14 percent (Udall placed second) drew more than half the total vote—54 percent. In Florida, the three men garnered nearly all the Democratic preference votes. Social discontents, not just school busing but unemployment, generated votes in large measure to those three candidates. Carter, Jackson and Wallace not only are doing well in the popular vote, but they're similarly leading in coralling convention delegates.

We're electing next fall a President as we enter the third century of our nation's independence from Great Britain. The shock our forefathers generated two hundred years ago will not be repeated in 1976. A conservative candidate will be elected President this year.

SISYPHUS

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FROM BRITAIN

HOW FREE IS FREE?

Two recent pieces of news in the Catholic world of Great Britain bring out some of the ironies present in the ecclesiastical situation today. The first is the confrontation between the parish priest of a small country parish in Norfolk, at a village called Downham Market, and his bishop over the question of retaining the Tridentine Latin mass. The second is the publication of the official Catholic Church evidence to the sitting commission on the future of broadcasting in Britain.

Father Baker is a "traditionalist." For curious reasons of his own, into which I do not propose to enter, he has come to the conclusion that the new mass rite, whether in English or Latin, is heretical. His conscience therefore tells him that he must, as a priest, continue to celebrate mass in his parish in the old form. One of the reasons he gives, apparently, is that the Council of Trent specifically insisted that its own rite should prevail throughout the church for all time, and that therefore any attempt to replace it is a contravention of a conciliar decree. How anybody, of any sort, can bind the future in this way I personally fail to understand. But the point is that Father Baker maintains that his decision is a matter of conscience. He must obey God rather than man. In this respect his own bishop is no more than a man apparently, and the latter's request that he step into line, and cease disobeying orders, has been ignored. So also, presumably, has been the promise that Father Baker must have given at his ordination to obey orders.

Now Father Baker is not alone. I read in today's *Guardian* of "an itinerant band of six Roman Catholic priests" who are "touring the country blatantly celebrating the forbidden 400-year old Tridentine mass in defiance of the Catholic bishops": and this group has connections, of course, with the seminary at Econe, in Switzerland, which has become something of a center of right-wing conscientious objection to Vatican II and almost all its works. But I'm not much concerned with that aspect of the affair. What concerns me is that here we have an example of the rights of conscience (well informed or not—it hardly matters) coming into direct conflict with the demands of a legal discipline.

Of course, one ought to try to take account of the fact that many of Father Baker's own parishioners want to attend mass in the new form and are being denied

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this right. But no doubt, in a more sensible world their interests could be taken care of without too much difficulty. The nub of the issue is that, however crazy his theology, Father Baker is taking a stand on a matter of conscience, and the church authorities are disallowing this on the grounds of the need for uniformity and obedience to a universally binding decree. There is little evidence here of the recognition of the value of pluralism. On the contrary, Father Baker's conscience has to take second place to the commands of a centralized authority, on a matter which after all is not, according to the authorities themselves, a matter of crucial theological concern. No bishop is saying that the Tridentine mass is heretical: only that the church has spoken against its continuance and everyone must now step into line. Conscientious objection is not to be permitted in this sphere.

The irony is that when we come to look at the evidence prepared, in another part of the ecclesiastical forest, for the commission on broadcasting, one of the points most clearly insisted upon is the need to recognize pluralism in our society. The Catholic evidence in this regard is not only much more professionally thought out than that of the established church (which has produced a very fuddy-duddy report); it is also much more liberal and outward looking. It insists that in a pluralist society "the free flow of ideas (is) best encouraged if there is a common forum in which all voices can be heard," and for this reason it comes down heavily in favor of the principle of "public service broadcasting."

Now I'm not saying that there is actually a logical contradiction between these two examples of public attitudes by the church. I am merely pointing out a certain ironic inconsistency of tone and approach. What goes for the world at large, apparently, does not go for the church. The rights of conscience, best served by a readiness to allow all points of view to be heard, are freely admitted in the public sphere, but seem to be denied when it comes to an eccentric minority within the church itself. I think that this fact points to a continuing need for serious reflection on the whole question of dogmatic truth and its relation to the diversity of 'schools,' which alone can guarantee a creative and living theology in the church.

Of course, one easy way out of the impasse is to blame everything on "a determined band of extremists . . . deliberately producing a confrontation." This is the view of the *Tablet*—certainly the most intelligent of the Catholic weekly periodicals here. Such a view may be perfectly correct: but it points to yet another irony. Or is it merely long awaited and expected inevitability? In the church, as elsewhere, "determined bands of ex-

THE SCHORR WITCHHUNT

PETER STEINFELS

I WOULD HAVE preferred to say so several weeks ago, before CBS half disowned him and a Congressional committee was threatening to run him to earth, but Daniel Schorr should not have done it. The arrangement he made for publication in the *Village Voice* of a major section of the House Select Committee's report on intelligence operations was precipitous and unnecessary. Major parts of the report had already been leaked to the media; there was little danger of its sinking into obscurity. The full House of Representatives had voted not to release the report until the executive branch had an opportunity to censor it. However one looks at it, that was a democratic decision, representing as best we know how the will of the people. If the White House should bowdlerize the report so as to reduce its essential value—and given its previous record of noncooperation with the Committee, this is a real likelihood—then the House of Representatives would still be able to publish the original rather than the "sanitized" version. Meanwhile, knowledge that the unexpurgated report was available to the press—Schorr had displayed his copy on television—might have somewhat stayed the hands of the executive censors. And finally, should Schorr or other newsmen have conscientiously decided, either as reporters or citizens, that the public was owed some information still being withheld by the White House and Congress, the option of releasing the report would have always remained as a *last* resort.

Though obviously not all the facts are known about Schorr's decision, what he did looks like a reflex. Every case of government wrongdoing must now be a Vietnam or a Watergate, every set of unpublished and revealing documents must be the Pentagon Papers or the Nixon Tapes. Will the Republic really collapse, indeed might it not be strengthened, if its defenders, among whom I count Mr. Schorr, make a few distinctions?

That being said, it is nonetheless distressing to observe the House of Representatives' sudden enthusiasm for investigating leaks rather than bringing to any resolution the problem which the leaks were about in the first place. A sense of proportion, as well as a capacity for distinctions, is required; and the problem of leaks is a mote compared to the beam of extra-constitutional foreign policy and overseas intervention which the House committee's investigation revealed.

A pattern is emerging in which widespread public dissatisfaction or shocking revelations are channeled, as though by an iron law, into sup-

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tremists" have been mostly considered as confined to the "left": now we have them from the "right." The situation is perhaps not unlike another case which has flared up recently; that of the position within his own party of the Minister for Overseas Development, Reg Prentice. Perhaps a little explanation of his problem may be in order.

To become an MP, it is usually necessary to be "adopted" by your party in the constituency where you are standing. In the Labor Party, this means in practice being adopted by the local executive committee in that area: and this committee is elected by the paid-up party members. Now it is usually the case that local party activists, whether Labor or Conservative, are more "extreme" in their views (more "purist" one might say, i.e., more concerned with preserving the purity of party doctrine and policy) than are the politicians in Parliament: for the latter are continually subjected to the necessities of compromise, of bargaining and negotiating and balancing pros and cons; after all, these are the inescapable concomitants of the exercise of power. But it is further the case that very few voters, however committed, actually bother to take out party membership. The result is that, in many a constituency, a small group of committed party members can determine the complexion of the local executive committee quite legally, yet without much sensitivity to the views of those who vote for their party at election time.

This is the nub of the Reg Prentice problem. My guess is that the majority of Labor *voters* in the constituency are Prentice-supporters: but a large majority of *party members* are against him. There is nothing "undemocratic" in this, except that any widespread apathy is undemocratic. But it does mean that there is a dangerous gap between what the party activists want and what the local Labor voters want: and until that gap is filled, one way or another, there will continue to be Prentice-like problems wherever the local MP happens to be on the side of the voters rather than on the side of his local party committee. And such a situation only helps to make possible disgusting exhibitions like the one which occurred in Mr. Prentice's constituency a few weeks ago, when a meeting was disrupted by a mixture of hecklers from the "left" and flour-bag throwers from the "right," to such an extent that rational argument became virtually impossible. But I doubt if many local Labor voters recognized that this example of political hooliganism was ultimately caused by their own refusal to take a full part in the activities of the very party they support.

BRIAN WICKER

(*Brian Wicker is* Commonweal*'s regular correspondent in Great Britain.*)

port for the very forces at the source of the troubles. *Example:* Our chronic recession and debilitating unemployment have so far only profited those presidential candidates who promise to do least about the economic institutions which have produced these conditions. Public disgust with corporative power runs higher than ever, but big business appears to be waging a successful offensive, increasing its hold on political institutions and its grasp of public subsidies, freeing itself of recent environmental regulations, and perhaps even rolling back the minimal social services of the welfare state. *Example:* The CIA has been caught out at everything from secreting away germ warfare materials against announced U.S. policy to performing LSD experiments on its employes without their knowledge, from arranging Mafia contracts on the lives of foreign leaders to tampering in numerous free elections overseas, from failing to provide effective intelligence to playing with the lives of thousands of Kurds as a presidential favor for the Shah of Iran. The only tangible result of these revelations to date has been President Ford's (a) appointment of another panel of distinguished foxes to guard the chicken coop and (b) proposal of legislation which would keep citizens from finding out these things in the future. See No Evil, Hear No Evil, Speak No Evil will be erected into a national policy.

And yet, and yet . . . for every zig in this column there is a zag, for every zag a zig. Despite the possibility that the House investigation of leaks may be only another shameful diversion, one cannot deny that the question of Congress's ability to keep secrets is part of the central issue. For that central issue *is* congressional scrutiny of intelligence operations. Perhaps the most important sentence in the House Select Committee's report is this one: "All evidence in hand suggests that the CIA, far from being out of control, has been utterly responsive to the instructions of the President and the Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs." The CIA has been the executive's personal legion, executing foreign policy and conducting war outside of Congress's ken. Indeed this was the original sin the CIA inherited from its predecessor the OSS, itself born out of Franklin Roosevelt's secret dealings with British intelligence. As John le Carré writes in a fundamentally sympathetic review of Roosevelt's efforts to work with British agents behind Congress's back, from the first the American "intelligence fraternity's inner circle paid not the smallest regard to the formal institutions of American democracy." Bad habits die hard.

Bringing the CIA and other intelligence operations under congressional control demands, however, a congressional capacity for secrecy. That is, unless one is an unreconstructed Wilsonian holding, as did the first of the

(Continued on page 220)

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COMPLICITY IN TORTURE

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

"I'm really very sick of these publications," said the young woman of my acquaintance tossing aside a new magazine, "they're all the same—an article on torture in Chile next to one about the peril of aerosol underarm deodorants. All put out by affluent people who refuse to face how much they're involved in torture and pollution and how obscene that kind of discussion is."

It seemed to me that she had put her finger on the really crucial point in our relationship to the institutionalized bestiality and brutality so commonplace in our world. It is not just that we are at once fascinated by it, and seemingly helpless to bring it to an end, but that only the most strenuous efforts at purification can free us from being party to it.

Practical men will tell you that there is no difference between détente with Russia, which has the ostensible purpose of forestalling the final nuclear war, and the favored nation status Secretary Kissinger has just offered Brazil. But—arguments about détente aside—is there not? We have done much more to marshal world opinion against the degradation of man within the borders of the Soviet Union than we have done to protest the enormities in Brazil. And, until very recently, Americans and American business did not contribute to the security of the oppressors in Russia. We cannot say the same thing about Brazil.

The reports of torture which reach us from Brazil are documented and authenticated by refugees and couriers who risk their lives to get the story out. Many of those tortured have been priests and nuns. Church authorities have spoken out, accusing the government—not only the brave and widely renowned Dom Helder Camara, but other members of the hierarchy, too, like the Archbishop of Sao Paolo. The reaction here has been almost nothing.

Columnist Jack Anderson, a specialist in rousing indignation, confesses frustration. "We have written about brutalities against helpless prisoners in both communist and fascist countries," he wrote last year. "We have documented subhuman conditions in our own prisons, although nothing as terrible as the dictatorships promote. What does it take to arouse world opinion against this continuing cruelty?"

Amnesty International, the international organization to succor political prisoners, has sought to attack the problem by personalizing both responsibility and help. Members are encouraged to adopt a particular prisoner, communicate with him or her, seek to help his or her family, and to keep up a steady barrage of appeals and protests to ambassadors and officials of the responsible government. They have been successful in securing many releases. But their report on torture published last year insists that torture as an accepted means of control is spreading to an increasing number of nations.

The enormity of the number of the suffering has been growing all our lifetime. Helen Beal Woodward wrote in 1953 about the indignation and guilt we had finally been able to muster about cruelty to slaves. "Nearly a hundred and fifty years have gone since that day,"—she was writing about the savage flogging of the nine-year-old Sojourner Truth by her master, a New York state farmer—"and cruelty has lost the bumbling, inefficient, personal touch. We have seen the skulls of Dachau and Buchenwald stacked like grapefruit at the supermarket, we have antiseptically exterminated eighty thousand Japanese in one tidy operation. Guilt is either a silly complex, or something large and impersonal, like the corporation." In the national agony over Vietnam we intended to project the responsibility for the horrors onto others—the bad Americans—deny them altogether, or justify them by citing comparable practices by Hanoi and the Viet Cong.

Perhaps it would give us some perspective to look at the practice of torture and cruelty in terms of another culture. Oliver La Farge points out in his history of the American Indian that not all Indian tribes practiced torture but that the tribes of the Southeast did, the practice probably having spread north from Mexico with the tribes—and that, of course, the Iroquois did so with such horrifying cruelty that other tribes followed suit in order to revenge themselves on the Iroquois. In other words, the practice spread:

"Again we have to wonder how so dreadful a custom could start and how it could continue. There were no psychologists around then to study the people. Undoubtedly the torture pattern, the feasting of the victim, (even on some occasions providing him with a bride for the night before his death), and cannibalism—not out of love of human flesh, but as a way of absorbing some of the fine man's bravery—came up from the South and originally from Mexico.

"We ourselves have learned from the accounts of the Nazis and the little we have been able to learn of Russia that cruelty is something of a drug. At first it revolts men, then they get used to it, then they begin to crave it. But the Iroquois practiced their unspeakable cruelty only in a single situation, and even then did not justify it by affecting to hate the victim or think of him as a criminal; instead they loved and admired him. It is a curious riddle."

But La Farge also tells of a curious

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WHY I BECAME A SOCIALIST

JOHN C. CORT

"I have always been inclined to take the papal encyclicals seriously"

In *The Brothers Karamazov* there is a character named Miusov who quotes a French police official: "We are not particularly afraid of all these socialists, anarchists, infidels and revolutionaries; we keep watch on them and know all their doings. But there are a few peculiar men among them who believe in God and are Christians, but at the same time are socialists. Those are the people we are most afraid of. They are dreadful people! The socialist who is a Christian is more to be dreaded than the socialist who is an atheist."

Recently I went into Boston and joined the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee. The DSOC was organized by members of the left wing of Norman Thomas's old Socialist Party who split off a few years ago because the dominant right wing could not shake its fear of Communism long enough to give up on Vietnam and other visions of America as savior and policeman of the world.

Short of some unlikely fluke that might put George Wallace on the Democratic ticket, the DSOC is committed to working within the Democratic Party. Its chairman Michael Harrington is the author of the book *The Other America* that helped start the war on poverty. He came out of the Catholic Worker in the fifties. No longer a Catholic, he is somewhat more bemused by Marx than types like Thomas, who once wrote, "For me the outstanding fact about it (Marxism), despite its proven power, is its inadequacy for our time under any interpretation." But Harrington's devotion to democratic process is without question, as is his rejection of Stalinism and other Marxist aberrations.

Among DSOC members are such distinguished people as John Kenneth Galbraith, Irving Howe and Victor Reuther, and, from the Catholic community, Peter Steinfels and David O'Brien.

The DSOC program includes proposals to nationalize at least part of the defense industry and banking, set up the federal gas and oil corporation proposed by Senator Adlai Stevenson, establish a national planning mechanism to develop a long-range policy for energy and transportation, and the following interesting plank: "Employe and public representatives should be placed on the boards of directors of all major industrial and financial corporations with instructions to violate the canons of managerial secrecy and to inform the public of bias of pricing, technology, plant location and other policies of these corporations."

Why did I join? Since conversion to Catholicism in 1933 I have always been rather conservative in theology and inclined to take seriously the opinions of the Popes as expressed in their encyclicals. From these I absorbed the anti-socialist bias that most Catholics in America share. Combined with this was a deep suspicion of public ownership that was rooted in part in Eric Gill-ian devotion to the idea, "Men work best when they own and control their own tools and materials," an aphorism I picked up when I found it lying around the Catholic Worker in the thirties.

There are of course good reasons why we might not want to be socialists, whether we be Christian, Catholic, or otherwise. Socialism finds it difficult to free itself from the specter of Karl Marx, who does not make a comforting bedfellow. As I think Barbara

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Ward pointed out in his behalf, Marx's scathing critique of capitalism qualifies him for inclusion among the last of the Jewish prophets. On the other hand, his atheism, his depressing materialism and determinism, his naive faith in the panacea of public ownership, his failure to grasp the relationship between freedom and private property, his idea of the dictatorship of the proletariat and all the nasty little justifications that have sprung from it, as from Pandora's box, that the end justifies the means, his childish fancy that the state will wither away once private property and exploitation have been abolished—all these combine to make him, in my opinion, one of the world's more overrated thinkers.

Harrington, one of the most persuasive defenders of Marx, in his excellent book *Socialism* makes the point that Marx was really a democrat at heart and that when he wrote "dictatorship of the proletariat" he really meant democracy because he regarded the bourgeois democracies of his day as so many dictatorships. But Harrington does not explain how it follows from proving that a so-called democracy is really a dictatorship that therefore a dictatorship is really a true democracy, so to this extent he is less than persuasive.

It makes some sense to say that the answer is not socialism, however democratic, but simply democracy. If we define socialism in terms of state ownership and control of the means of production, as many people do, then socialism is incompatible with democracy, since democracy requires that power should be distributed as widely as possible, and productive property is power *par excellence*.

It makes some sense to say that what we need is simply to extend democratic process from the political arena, where it has been continually corrupted and weakened by industrial and economic oligarchy, to the world of the factory, office, bank and industry, so that the workers begin to own and control directly the means of production upon which their working and consuming lives depend. A key word here is "directly." It is not realistic to think that you can control state-owned factories through elected congressmen and/or the president. Watergate should have taught us how far an elected official can wander from the mind and will of the people.

Harrington is aware of the dangers of public ownership, or state capitalism, as it might better be called, because he quotes the old French socialist, Jean Jaurès, in a key passage:

"Delivering men to the state, conferring upon the government the effective direction of the nation's work, giving it the right to direct all the functions of labor, would be to give a few men a power compared to which that of the Asiatic despots is nothing, since their power stops at the surface of society and does not regulate economic life."

Jaurès went on to propose, in 1894, that the French mines be nationalized but actually operated by "a central council with one-third of the members elected by the workers (including the engineers), one-third from workers' and peasants' unions in other areas of the economy, and one-third named by the government."

I like that kind of arrangement myself, where nationalization is found to be necessary. Yugoslavia has developed a system under which the state owns productive property and the workers, theoretically, operate it. But often only theoretically. For what the state hath given the state can taketh away. So where nationalization is not necessary it makes sense to leave the ownership and control mainly and directly in the hands of those who work in the enterprise. Nationalization becomes the exception, not the rule, and what you have is democratically owned and operated private property, or, industrial and economic democracy. We have also Pius XI's principle of subsidiarity, expressed neatly by Richard Goodwin in the *New Yorker*: "The general rule should be to transfer power to the smallest unit consistent with the scale of the problem."

There are also a number of good reasons why we should become socialists, despite the considerations outlined above. For one thing, socialism today cannot fairly be defined either in terms of Marxist theory in general or state ownership in particular. The DSOC, for example, uses the term "social ownership," as did Norman Thomas before it. The word "social" is broad enough to include enterprises owned and operated by workers or consumers, as in the producer and consumer cooperatives so popular in England.

Most of the socialist parties of Western Europe have become disillusioned about the automatic benefits of state ownership and no longer identify socialism with that solution, although public operation of utilities and key industries is much more common in Europe than in America.

After all, did not Pius XI say that "certain forms of property must be reserved to the State, since they carry with them an opportunity of domination too great to be left to private individuals without injury to the community at large"? And could it not also be contended that these forms include a far larger area than is presently recognized in America, such as defense industry, energy, railroads, investment banking, health services, and even low-income housing construction?

Most European socialists are now more excited about getting workers direct control over productive enterprise, as in the co-determination movements of Western Germany, Scandinavia, and the Low Countries, now spreading to France and Great Britain. Many European Catholics are supporting them in this, notably among the Christian and former Christian (French) trade unions. And they are only following the lead of Pope John in *Mater et Magistra* (1961) when he wrote that

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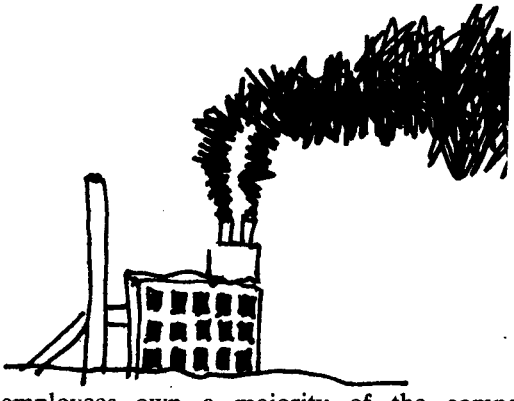
it is not simply a good idea, as Pius XI had suggested, but "a demand of justice" that at least "large and medium-size productive enterprises (which) finance replacement and expansion from their own revenues . . . should grant to workers some share in the enterprise." From the context it is evident that John meant share of ownership, or social ownership. And he adds this reason for going further than Pius: "For today, more than in the times of our predecessor, 'every effort should be made that at least in the future only an equitable share of the fruits of production accumulate in the hands of the wealthy, and a sufficient and ample portion go to the workingman.' " The quote within the quote is from Pius.

(Sidenote: it is interesting that a nationwide poll taken by Hart Research Associates, reputable pollsters, and funded by the People's Bicentennial Commission, indicates that 66 percent of Americans feel that it would do "more good than harm" to "develop a program in



which employees own a majority of the company's stock," while only 25 percent feel that it would do "more harm than good.")

Incidentally, it is now fashionable for Catholic liberals to ignore encyclicals as exercises in irrelevance, but time was when they smote their enemies over the head with them with all the enthusiasm of Samson smiting the Philistines. Even Tom Hayden and the SDS once seized upon them to make a point. In the expectation that the pendulum of concern, having swung from one extreme to the other, will soon swing back to some kind of happy medium, these observations are offered as part of a relevant historical record as to what Catholic authority has taught and teaches on the subject of socialism and capitalism.

A case could be made for the proposition that the socialist parties of Western Europe and Great Britain come closer to representing the view of the encyclicals, in practice if not in theory, than do the Christian Democratic parties that claim direct kinship with those writings, but whose zeal for social justice is too often neutralized by the rich folks in their midst.

Many socialists also have no illusions about the infallibility of Pope Karl I. The Frankfurt Manifesto of the Socialist International stated in 1951 that one may be led to the socialist position not only by the Marxist social analysis but also by humanitarian ideals or belief in Christian revelation. This is a point made by Oswald von Nell-Breuning, the German Jesuit who is generally credited with having written much of Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno* as well as the first draft of John's *Mater et Magistra.*

Writing in *Sacramentum Mundi,* an encyclopedia of Catholic theology published by Herder & Herder in 1968, Father Nell-Breuning acknowledges that Pius XI condemned socialism when understood as a materialist philosophy which sacrifices freedom and higher human values in the interests of efficient production and distribution of goods. He immediately points out, however, that "it is certain that forms of socialism existed in 1931 which did not exhibit the features described in the encyclical (*Quadragesimo Anno*) and accordingly were not affected by the papal condemnation—the British Labor Party for one (which the Archbishop of Westminster hastened to reassure on this point) and probably Scandinavian socialism as well." Nell-Breuning concludes that "the libertarian, democratic socialism of the present day has clearly ceased to be" the kind of socialism condemned by Pius XI. He further notes that John XXIII confirmed this conclusion by conspicuously failing to reaffirm the interdict in his own encyclicals. Nor has Paul VI reaffirmed it.

Nell-Bruening adds the observation: "Now that movements have arisen in the newly independent Afro-Asian countries which regard themselves as 'socialist' but have almost nothing in common with what has been known pejoratively as socialism, even in the broadest sense, it is less possible than ever to pass any global judgment on socialism. . . . Were the Church to condemn 'socialism' in general, the result in these countries would be the most baneful confusion and dismay."

It is significant that Monsignor George G. Higgins of the U.S. Catholic Conference, in a polite rebuke to the Most Rev. Robert Dwyer, retired archbishop of Portland, Oregon, recently quoted key passages from Nell-Breuning's article in refuting the Archbishop's claim that the Catholic Church has always condemned socialism.

Actually, Monsignor Higgins accepts the common dictionary definition of socialism as "based on collective or governmental ownership." As such he himself rejects it. But Nell-Breuning appears to appreciate the fact that socialism today can be more accurately defined as a democratic system of political economy which rejects the capitalist notion of production for profit (or power) and affirms the notion that production should be controlled by workers and government in the interests of the many rather than the few. It seems to me that this is a concept which Monsignor Higgins should approve as representing the main thrust of his own thought.

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The word "socialist" has the advantage of instant recognition in identifying the bearer as both democratic and anti-capitalist, an advantage which the word "democratic" alone does not have. Up to now I have been assuming that the reader would want to be identified as anti-capitalist. Perhaps that assumption should be supported.

In the minds of many people capitalism is confused with private ownership of the means of production. They rightly believe that private ownership of most productive property is necessary to the preservation of liberty from the tyranny of the state, and that where public ownership is necessary it should be regarded as a last resort and watched like a hawk. But the truth is that capitalism cannot accurately be identified with private ownership. Capitalism is a particular kind of private ownership, a system under which the representatives of capital are left in the undisputed control of the decisions as to what to produce, how to produce it, and what to charge for it. The system tends to be marked by decisions which are in the interest of those representatives and not in the interest of workers, consumers, the general public or the world at large.

Galbraith makes the point that these decisions are not necessarily inspired by a desire for maximum profits. They may be inspired by the desire for power, prestige, or simple security on the part of the *de facto* managers or, in his term, the corporate technostructure. It's a valid point, but it does not usually make the social effects of the decisions any more attractive.

Pius XI described and condemned capitalism in *Quadragesimo Anno* in the following words: "In our days not alone is wealth accumulated, but immense power and despotic economic domination is concentrated in the hands of a few . . . This accumulation of power (is) the characteristic note of the modern economic order . . . Free competition is dead; economic dictatorship has taken its place . . . The whole economic life has become hard, cruel and relentless in a ghastly measure."

This blistering indictment could have been helpful in clarifying the minds and consciences of Catholics. The only trouble was that in the same encyclical the Pope also said that in so far as capitalism is defined as "that economic regime in which (are) provided by different people the capital and labor jointly needed for production . . . the system itself is not to be condemned." He then went on to condemn it when defined in his own terms, as the above quotes indicate.

The confusion of Catholics as to whether their church did or did not condemn capitalism was further magnified in this country by our partial recovery from its dramatic collapse in the Great Depression, which had formed part of the backdrop for *Quadragesimo Anno*. So dramatic and traumatic was the collapse that in 1938 Congress, reacting slowly, established the O'Mahoney Committee to find some answers to what ailed us. But then came the war(s). The young men died, but most of us did okay. Capitalism fed on death and was restored to a measure of life. The O'Mahoney Committee folded its report and silently stole away. New Deal reforms slicked the system over, so that people began to think we had something new, something they called "welfare capitalism." One effort at structural change, the National Recovery Act, was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

In the great organizing drives of the thirties and forties labor unions established a kind of democratic beachhead on the mainland of corporate decision-making, at least as to wages, hours and certain other conditions of work. Most workers seemed content with this as long as they went on working and rising wages kept at least a nodding acquaintance with rising prices. Labor leaders, who once came on as champions of the poor, began to sound like champions of the establishment.

Lately, however, we have been suffering from too much peace. Capitalism has been languishing for lack of blood. Workers haven't been working, consumers haven't been buying, and, marvelous to tell, in the face of all the ancient folklore, prices have continued to rise so that the wages of those still working haven't been able to keep up. Inflation is running about 12 percent per annum and unemployment close to 9 percent. So once again, as we prepare to celebrate another bicentennial, that of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, some of us are questioning his beautiful childlike faith that if only the rich are left free to pursue riches, then all boats will be lifted on the rising tide of their good fortunes.

The tide has now gone out and many of the boats are beached, with a slight assist from the Arabs. And America is hated all over the world for permitting its multinational corporations, when it is not actually assisting them, to crucify the poor in Asia, Africa and Latin America, as has been exhaustively and depressingly documented by Barnet and Müller in *Global Reach*.

Some people have maintained that Christ had no economic program. I disagree. "Give us this day our

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daily bread" is an economic program that convicts capitalism out of hand. A more detailed indictment is contained in Jesus' vision of the last judgment in which, with an old-fashioned lack of tolerance, He consigns to "that everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels" all those who refuse to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the shelterless, comfort the sick and the prisoners, etc. (Question: doesn't it seem extraordinary that for many years this passage, surely one of the most basic in all scripture, was excluded from those to be read at Sunday Mass?)

"By their fruits shall you know them" is another Gospel passage that Christians should take seriously. By the fruits of capitalism—notably its concentration of power and wealth in the hands of the few while many go without, its dependence on war and/or ridiculous "defense" expenditures, its exploitation of the poorer peoples of the world—it stands condemned as unChristian and unjust.

I assume that Christians want an economic system that can be reconciled with their faith. But just as the word "democratic" is not enough, neither is the word "Christian." It is at once too general and too specific.

America is in bad shape. And we have a nice man in the White House who is more outrageously besotted with capitalistic nonsense than anyone since Herbert Hoover. There is a need for those who reject this nonsense to come together under some banner that proclaims clearly and immediately that we do reject it, that we want to see the system fundamentally changed, that we want to see it freed from the control of the rich and the greedy and brought under the control of workers, consumers and government. There is a need for such people to form coalitions and alliances with others, in the labor movement, among intellectuals and minority groups, ethnics and non-ethnics, religious and irreligious people, so that they can have maximum impact on the Democratic party's selection of its candidate and its platform in 1976.

Even democratic socialism, whether in America or abroad, will probably retain some traces of Marxism, at least in theory if not in practice. This should not prevent us from extending the hand of cooperation and support. Somebody once said that "every heresy is the revenge of a forgotten truth." Pope John, the great apostle of cooperation, confirmed this in *Pacem in Terris* (1963) in a passage which obviously applies to the relations between Christians and Marxists:

"Meetings and agreements in the various sectors of daily life between believers and those who do not believe . . . can be occasions for discovering truth and paying homage to it. It must be borne in mind, furthermore, that false philosophical teachings regarding the nature, origin and destiny of the universe and of man cannot be identified with historical movements that have economic, social, cultural or political ends, not even when these movements have originated from those teachings and have drawn and still draw inspiration from them . . . Besides, who can deny that these movements, in so far as they conform to the dictates of right reason and are interpreters of the lawful aspirations of the human person, contain elements that are positive and deserving of approval?"

I don't think I have thrown much light on why Dostoyevsky's Frenchman thought that Christian socialists were so "dreadful." Whether or not I have thrown any on the opposite proposition, whether or not we decide to call ourselves socialist and join the DSOC, it seems appropriate to point out that the following changes in our American system of doing business are entirely consistent with Catholic teaching:

1. A much stronger role by government in the ownership and control of elements in our economy that involve a significant public interest.

2. A provision that corporations doing business with the federal government be required, as a condition of that business, to give a significant percentage of their voting stock to their employes, redeemable on termination.

3. A provision that the boards of directors of such corporations must include at least two members elected by the employes and at least two consumer representatives appointed by public authority.

4. Enactment of the old CIO plan for industry councils representing labor, management, consumers and government in a comprehensive system of economic democracy.

Actually, it's a rather modest program, tailored to the country's natural conservatism. But it could be the herald of a new birth of freedom. And that would be nice to see as we celebrate the bicentennial of another event even more memorable than the publication of *The Wealth of Nations.*

PHILIP THAYER SCHARPER

THE MILL

Weeds toiling in the rusted wheels
Dreams choked in the cogs
Sunlight slanting on crooked nails
Long, moss-covered rocks
Smoothed by the river,

The raucous fall of water
Singing in the inner ear,
An iridescent butterfly
Dips through the hazy air,
Cicadas saw in the green tree tops

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IN BED WITH A STRONGMAN

FRANK J. PARKER

Christmas is no longer a day free from work

In his football stadium speech last June Zaire President Mobutu Sese Seku mumbled softly to his audience. "Shall I be silent, or shall I tell all?" Not surprisingly the 100,000-plus spectators roared as one voice, "Tell all!" Then, as so often happens in this land of 28,000,000, Mobutu did no such thing.

The major part of the speech was devoted to the announcement he had cracked a plot bent on overthrowing him and his government. According to Mobutu, a few misguided generals had cooperated with an unnamed superpower in the overthrow attempt. But now it was over, and the guilty would be punished severely. A speedy death was promised for anyone else who got in the way of the fabulous march toward progress of Mobutu and his government. It has been a long time since the threats have been so blunt.

The name of the United States government was not mentioned specifically, but no one doubted this was the superpower. Relations between Zaire and the United States have been souring for a long time. The debacle in Vietnam further lowered American stock, and the intensely proud third world nations do not wish to be associated with a loser.

Within a few days pictures of the arrested generals, which had been taken during training missions in the United States, were published in the local papers. Of course, military leaders from all over the world have received instructions in the United States and have posed for pictures next to tanks of Uncle Sam. However, it looked bad. Meanwhile, local papers, all of whom are strictly government-censored, "speculated" that the plot was initiated by the CIA.

In this instance the United States State Department description of the plot charge as "absolute rubbish" may be true. Quite likely, Mobutu was picking on Uncle Sam as a whipping boy in order to help him escape difficulties at home, of which he has a large assortment.

It is quite ironic that Mobutu, one of the biggest supporters of solidarity among all the nations of Africa, is being severely threatened by the actions of a group of African countries; specifically, the same troublesome sheiks who are giving the United States so much trouble. The problem is the same. Oil. African solidarity is all well and good, but the policy of the sheiks remains: cash on the barrelhead. The Black African nations must pay the same as everyone else.

Inflation is crippling the economy of Zaire. In 1974, it cost the Mobutu government $200,000,000 to import oil, four times the sum for the previous year. All indications are the cost for 1975 will have been double again at the very least, at a time when Zaire's exports are falling because all potential importers are being subjected to the same financial pressures. Copper, the lifeblood of Zaire's economy, has dropped in price from $3,000 a ton to $1,000 a ton on the open market within the last six months. Now that the economy is being squeezed, renewed discontent with the rule of Mobutu is not a surprising occurrence.

Except that the financial backing has been provided by American corporate investment, the Zaire Revolution of the last decade has followed the pattern made famous by Mao tse-Tung in Communist China. All else has been subordinated to the direction of the one permitted political party; and, just as in China, the party itself is totally subject to the will of a deified leader, in this case, Mobutu.

Today, Mobutu and his party of the Revolution are in total control in Zaire. This means three other groups unwillingly have been forced to take a back seat. Economic hard times could provide new, Phoenix-like opportunities for the local businessmen, the Catholic Church and the military to regain influence. Aware of this, Mobutu stepped up his feud with local capitalists and the Catholic Church. Now, Mobutu has added the military to the list of opponents.

Due to the enormous mineral and agricultural resources, to say nothing of the abundance of cheap labor, American corporations have been hauling huge profits away from Zaire. Not surprisingly, local businessmen want to get in on the profits; and Mobutu has been all in favor of this as long as it is within the framework of subservience to him and his political party.

The first step in this regard was the forced expropriation, without compensation, of the profitable local businesses run by Asians. The owners were forced to leave Zaire and their businesses were handed over to local party faithful. Usually, the party member who had become the new owner looted the business, sold every-

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thing on the black market and retired with his windfall. Mobutu stood by without protest, even at times encouraging the process.

Members of a second group of native Zaire businessmen have chosen to start their own local businesses; and due to government regulations forcing foreign corporations to purchase all possible supplies within Zaire, they have turned a nice profit. Human nature being what it is, few of these *nouveaux riches* local capitalists wish to share the profits with the rank-and-file of the party. Mobutu has been under increasing pressure from the faithful to bring local businessmen within the fold and spread the wealth around. On December 31, 1974, Mobutu did just that.

Commencing on the first day of 1975, all Zaire businessmen were ordered to turn over the lease of any foreign apartment or the deed to any foreign property to the government. In like manner, all foreign bank accounts were to be closed. The money was immediately to be returned to Zaire and placed in special accounts in the Bank of Zaire and the government was to be given the right of disposition of these funds. As could be expected, nothing was said concerning the overseas funds of the President of Zaire who, even his supporters concede, has enormous personal wealth stashed away in Switzerland. The often quoted figure of $30,-000,000 could well be accurate.

In addition to keeping all wealth made in the country within its borders, owners of local businesses engaged in imports and exports were to hand over control to workers' committees of local party members. Other positions within the economy would be found for those whose businesses had been socialized and taken away from them. When this occurs, and as could be expected, local businessmen are not rushing to comply, all local businesses will be brought under party control.

The Church

The second group Mobutu wishes to keep subservient is the Catholic Church. A full century of Belgian missionary involvement has paid substantial dividends. A large, intensely loyal native Catholic population of 6,000,000 members has developed; but in a land where the announcer on the national radio station gives thanks to Mobutu Sese Seku each morning that the sun is shining over the Zaire River, it can be understood Jesus Christ is not a particularly welcome visitor.

The first wave of restrictions which peaked three years ago led to the banning of Christian first names as against the spirit of authenticity of the Zaire Revolution. No mail could be delivered to such a renegade nor could any business transaction with a government agency or bank occur until the Zaire citizen in question chose an African first name. The bishops went along with this regulation, even permitting the baptism of children with non-Christian names. The Vatican was unhappy at this concession, but bowed to the judgment of those on the local scene.

The Catholic Church also agreed to conduct religious instruction only within the doors of a Catholic church. Retreats, conferences, masses in public places, religious classes in mission schools, and other visible demonstration of Catholicism have been replaced by parallel meetings of groups loyal to Mobutu. As always in Zaire, observation of regulations has been variable, often even non-existent, especially concerning the ban on teaching religion in Catholic schools. Since many government Ministers and other leading citizens send their children to Catholic schools because of the high educational quality, continued religious instruction has been a tacit *quid pro quo*.

At the start of 1975, Mobutu stepped up his campaign against the Catholic Church. Crucifixes and holy pictures, statues and any other indications of worship of any non-Zaire person are to be removed. December 25, Christmas Day, is no longer a day free from work in Zaire. All local seminaries and minor seminaries are to be considered as ordinary schools, and thus transferred to government control, and the Catholic and Protestant faculties of theology at the University of Zaire have been ordered closed.

The bishops are fighting back discreetly but courageously. They will try to retain in practice as much autonomy and freedom for the works of the Church as possible; but this will become increasingly difficult. The government is turning many against the Church. Mysteriously, two European missionaries were shot at the end of 1974. Meanwhile, since Mobutu is convinced that no disciple of Jesus Christ can be sufficiently dedicated to him at the same time, the expulsion of all foreign missionaries is likely.

With the arrest and death-sentence of seven generals last fall, the struggle against non-party elements reached a new and critical stage. Dictators lacking the support of their army are most vulnerable in Africa, especially when the force in question numbers 100,000 well armed troops. It is for this reason Mobutu has been sure to emphasize that the bulk of the troops remain loyal to him and took no part in the conspiracy.

Although the army put Mobutu in power, there is now a question as to how loyal the army actually is. With the passage of time and the subsequent emphasis on the political structure and his personal supremacy he appears to have forgotten his early friends. A large part of the revolutionary decrees promulgated on December 31, 1974 had the army as target. In the harshest criticism he has ever made against his military, Mobutu stated they had become consumers rather than initiators of the Revolution. All soldiers were to become party members, political groups were to be formed; part of each day was to be spent at agricultural duties.

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Clearly the military was not happy at the downgrading. It was a dangerous step for Mobutu to take and would not have been done unless necessary.

With this background the supposed plot of the generals becomes less than a random happening. The suspicion that the whole army is in an unbalanced condition is strengthened by two other interesting occurrences. Large numbers of troops have been withdrawn from the Cabinda border near the Atlantic Coast and sent the virtual width of the country to Eastern Zaire. This is significant because it occurs at a time Mobutu is threatening an invasion of Cabinda and also needs these troops to block any Cabinda initiative taken by the military in Angola. Mobutu needs more troops on the Cabinda border, not less. Secondly, there has been a virtual news blackout from Eastern Zaire during the last eight months. Taken together, these facts suggest substantial unrest and the threat of civil war.

Propaganda attacks and support of Arabs and the Palestine Liberation Organization notwithstanding, Mobutu has been a loyal supporter of the United States government and of U.S. corporations. It is hard to envision how any new leader could be more sympathetic.

The recent total M.P.L.A. victory in Angola has been a great shock to Mobutu. Without doubt, he has lost face within Zaire. His support for the other factions was overt and at times bordered on sending his troops into Angola on a large scale. Wisely for Mobutu, he resisted the temptation. However he still suffered a great loss. It is unlikely the vast oil wealth of Cabinda will be available to him now that the M.P.L.A. has taken the ascendancy.

Even though Mobutu signed a pact "normalizing" relations with President Agostino Neto of Angola on February 28, it is unlikely the M.P.L.A. will forgive easily Mobutu's support for their opponents during the war. Mobutu risks a dangerous enemy on his flanks. The presence of the Cuban troops must be a worry as well. A full-scale attack is unlikely. However, if serious guerrilla action against Mobutu started within Zaire, Cuban infiltration and assistance would be a definite possibility.

On a recent trip to Zaire, I asked a long-time Belgian resident how things were going. "Crazily, like always," he answered. "I don't see how Mobutu can last three more weeks, but I have been saying that for the last ten years and undoubtedly will be for the next ten years. The man is amazing. He does everything wrong and then every one of these mistakes comes out just the way he wants."

Given Mobutu's track record, it is likely the supposed American plot will fall in the same category, even if this means sending American troops to help Mobutu in Cabinda, a scary but not impossible future happening. For better or worse, no divorce yet has occurred between Mobutu and the United States government.

LIGHT COMEDY

THE SCREEN

To the end of the credits for *Barry Lyndon* Stanley Kubrick appends an expression of gratitude to Carl Zeiss, the German optical manufacturer, for "providing the f 0.9 lenses used in the candlelight sequences." (This extremely fast lens—f 1.2, f 1.4 or even f 2. are standard—was in fact developed for the Apollo Space Program.) To publicize his appreciation in so arcane a matter typifies Kubrick. It reflects the thoroughness with which, even in their most technical aspects, he masters every detail of his productions. Because of this thank-you note to Zeiss, however, Kubrick has come in for much grief from the popular reviewers, who have all made clear their impatience with what they see as a fondness for pretty pictures and meretricious techniques.

Perhaps then the first thing to be said of *Barry Lyndon* is that its candlelighting is not a gratuitous gesture. Before making movies Kubrick was a professional still photographer, and in his career as a movie director he has understood something often apparent only to still photographers. He has understood that the subject of all photography is light. What the camera takes a picture of—what literally, physically, gets onto the film—is not landscapes, people, or events, but light rays. On the photographic negative the laws of gravity are therefore turned upside down, light and shadow weighing far more in our perceptions than mass and substance do. Because Kubrick recognizes this, light is always a form of imagery in his films. It does not shine on some other imagery of things or compositions: it *is* an imagery itself.

The reason Kubrick wants only candlelight in certain scenes is to create the most suggestive possible contrast to sunlight, which is the kind of illumination he uses elsewhere in the film. In the very earliest scenes, for example, he uses sunlight exclusively and thereby creates a kind of cinematic idyll. His vision is of rural eighteenth-century Ireland as a place at once both cultured and primitive, civilized and barbaric. It is a world that wants for nothing in the way of social amenities, and yet a world in which all the ritual and refinement of social life are played out out of doors, as if society itself were still tentative and nomadic like the life of Druids. When a dance is held, it occurs not in a salon or ballroom, but a meadow. When a traveler stops at a pub, he remains astride his horse and is served in the road. Even when the ceremony of life moves inside at one point, the setting is so rustic, with a bubbling fountain and furniture decorated in encrusted pebbles, we don't feel we have left the outdoors at all.

Most of these outdoor scenes are not only sunlit, but

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backlit. Consequently, in order to make the faces and figures turned toward us read properly, the photography is slightly overexposed so the light will diffuse shadowlessly around the characters. Thus, softened, gentle images emerge from and waver before the harsh light much as society itself here seems to emerge from Ireland's shelterless wilds. But the first time we enter a candlelit interior, this society is transformed into something altogether different. Now the light source is in front of the human figure instead of behind it. The shadows are deep and prominent because the light is focused rather than diffused. And the world, Barry learns at that moment, is a place full of perfidy and deceit. When his beautiful cousin preferred the suit of an English captain to his own, Barry (Ryan O'Neal) had, he thought, killed the rival in a duel. But now, as he blinks into the dim and murky glow of the candles, he learns that the captain's wound was faked so he, Barry, would have to flee to the army and the Continent, leaving the field open to the captain again.

Throughout the rest of Part I of Kubrick's film, up until the intermission, Barry's life is divided between sunlight and candlelight, day and night, outdoors and indoors, the undissembling but violent ways of his youth and the subtle but civil ways of the world. For the most part the two modes remain separate too. One minute a Prussian officer politely betrays Barry to a press gang at a candlelit inn. The next minute Barry is being decorated at a noonday ceremony for saving that officer's life, but instead of a citation Barry is rudely read the riot act as the award is made. When he takes up a career as a gambler, Barry graciously cheats at cards by candlelight each night, then duels with the losers by day to collect the debts. Even in his pursuit of Lady Lyndon (Marisa Berenson), he only makes eyes at her at the gaming table, waiting until he gets her out on the veranda to make bold with her.

This last episode does suggest, however, how far Barry has come in the world. From a bumpkin, he has become a gentleman. From poverty, he has come into money. And from outside, he has come in. Increasingly the film has come to dwell in its candlelit interiors, and the exteriors have become ever more overcast. When he at last seduces Lady Lyndon on the veranda, it is not in bright sunlight, but in the cold, dim light of the moon. Barry's rise in the world becomes, literally, the o'erdarkening of his days.

The interiors to which he has gained access are those decorated in Louis Quinze or its English contemporary, the Adam style. Louis Quinze is a decor that has appeared often before in Kubrick's films—most notably at the end of the time warp in *2001*—and it always seems a setting for the idea that man's high civilization reveals only his frailty and corruptibility. In this film it is no different. One thing that attracted Kubrick to Thackeray's novel, no doubt, was the opportunity it provided to make this cynical equation. The progress of all civilization is here being characterized as a Rake's Progress. Once Barry has arrived in those candlelit rooms, though he may think only that his fortune is made at last, Kubrick thinks he is undone.

And in Part II of Kubrick's film, undone he is. The first scene after the intermission is Barry's wedding to Lady Lyndon, at which the two worlds that before remained so separate are finally united. Though in an interior where we are used to finding candlelight, the ceremony is brilliantly sunlit from clerestory windows off to the side. All the key scenes henceforth occur like this, indoors with outdoor lighting, and it is typical of Kubrick's sense of irony that he should mark his hero's decline and fall with such a glorious blaze of light. It is typical that the disintegration of the central character should be accompanied by a dazzling unification of the central imagery. In scene after scene the light pours through the windows as if it were besieging the elegant world inside, and indeed the guileless values and temperament of Barry's youth do burst in disastrously on his new life. In a manner common to episodic narratives, *Barry Lyndon* now recoils on itself. The scenes in Part I that marked his ascendancy recur as milestones along his road to perdition.

Where a fistfight earlier made Barry's reputation in his regiment, a similar assault at a musicale now ruins his name at court. In the former scene, the rough life of soldiers in the field was refined a bit by the imposition of prize-fighting rules, but in the latter, those rules have an opposite effect on the drawing room. With similar pathos the death in battle of Barry's first benefactor is recalled by the death in bed of his first son. Catastrophe mounts upon triumph and dispels it as sunlight does shadow in a gloomy room, until at last Barry finds himself challenged to a duel just as that captain was by him at the beginning. Instead of the open field, the setting this time is a tithe barn, a shelter where exterior and interior worlds meet; and the sunlight comes neither from in front nor behind, but from the side as it did at Barry's wedding. In this apt setting, a duel dispatches Barry from grand society as unwittingly as one earlier propelled him into it. COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

(The first of two parts)

AN APPEAL—A Jesuit in Bombay seeks financial and material help for his Social Services Center which provides medical aid, an anti-alcoholic clinic, counseling and child-guidance and family and employment service for hundreds of the city's poor. Six- to eight-pound packages of used clothing, medicines and vitamins (labeled Free Gifts)—and funds—should be sent to: Fr. J. O. Pujol, S.J., Social Service Center, Seva Niketan, J.J. Road, Byculla, Bombay 400008, India (Airmail 31¢).

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NOVEL OR BIOGRAPHY?

DENNIS HALAC

Lamy of Santa Fe: His Life and Times

PAUL HORGAN

Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $15

Death Comes for the Archbishop

WILLA CATHER

Knopf, 1927 and various subsequent editions

In 1927 [Nov. 23] Willa Cather addressed the readers of this journal to discuss the sources for her recently published novel, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, purportedly based on the first bishop of Santa Fe. It had excited and somewhat confused readers with its obvious historical foundations and its strange yet evocative lyricism; the hero, Bishop Latour, appeared too allusive to be real—yet too historic to be fictive creation. With her usual directness and simplicity, Cather listed her sources ranging from local informants to an obscure biography of an altogether different bishop to her personal experience in the Southwest. Having allowed these items to settle, she then proceeded to muddy the waters by calling her work a "narrative biography," a sort of mirror-image of Capote's "non-fiction novel" of a few years ago, and pleaded the cause of imagination in any work of literature saying that "too much information [is] rather deadening."

Death is now conceded to be her masterpiece, but it has taken a half century for a "straight" biography to assess Latour's prototype, Jean Baptiste Lamy, and to separate the person from the legend. He is indeed a legend in legendary times, the mid-nineteenth century West, as well as that *rara avis* among fervent missionaries—one who is not too embarrassing for modern times. From the remote if central French province of Auvergne, Lamy came to America with his lifelong friend, Joseph Machebeuf, under the influence of John Purcell, Cincinnati's pioneer bishop. In 1839 Cincinnati, flush with river traffic, was having its turn as the ambitious American metropolis seeking to outshine New York; and after eleven years acclimatization there and in the hinterlands of Ohio and Kentucky, Lamy was asked to be the Vicar Apostolic of the newly-won American territory of New Mexico.

Sante Fe had slept under successive layers of pueblo, Spanish and Mexican administration with little change, it being the Ultima Thule of imperial Spain even more than California. News took months to reach it from Mexico City, two thousand miles away along the tortuous El Camino Real—one stretch called "Dead Man's March" is still forbidden territory (the site of the first atomic explosion). The new American administration was not expected to affect so vast a region (ultimately the source of six states).

Lamy made a triumphal entry into Santa Fe in 1851, the grateful Catholics having set up pine trees to mark his progress and then proceeding to an amiable and discordant fiesta. Contrasting emotions marked and marred the first years of Lamy's episcopacy (he became bishop in 1852, archbishop in 1875) where he fought the usual battles of sacramental and fiscal administration plus the more unusual problems of dissenting clergy, heresy, territorial disputes with Mexican bishops, Vatican bureaucracy and the touchy relations with often anti-Catholic Americans. Virtually all of his pastorate was Spanish-speaking or Indian, sequestered in pueblos and hamlets over thousands of miles. He made long visitations, usually alone, into areas with hostile Indians or across unknown trails. During those years he visited Europe a half-dozen times, begging for missioners and money, and the East Coast more often, each trip taking weeks and months away from his chancery. The journeys contain the usual litany of shipwreck and massacre, illness and depression, and even hallucination. When death came for him in 1889, he had revived a dormant religion and expanded its base for three cultures, Hispanic, Indian and American. An outsider—perhaps the secret of his success—he insisted his French clergy speak Spanish and English even in the rectory and fretted about the lack of Indian priests. He was a pluralist voice in a nativist desert bending every effort to preserve pueblo traditions against intruding Americanisms and, yet, stubbornly insisting that his cathedral be built and designed by Auvergnats. It remains to this day a hulking stone incongruence in a city of adobe.

Horgan has collected documents from archives in the Vatican, Santa Fe, Durango, Paris, and South Bend, Indiana ever since he decided to "save" Lamy for an expanded biography from the pages of his Pulitzer Prize-winning history of the Rio Grande. An honored, though uneven, novelist, Horgan is considered to be in his best element with Southwestern history. Here he has ample opportunity to mine the resources of history and to exploit his narrative skill. Lamy appears to have that effect on writers.

Horgan does better than serve his subject. This illuminating study rises out of its regional interest, not only because of its associations with Cather and Horgan, but as a work of biographical art. The reader is given an excursion into Lamy's life, much as Cather travels in his mind, not simply to fill the space of some neglected diocesan library but to express a biography with the finest literary standards and, thus, the greatest possible satisfaction. It is written independently of Cather's novel; although Horgan is

DENNIS HALAC, *a historian and writer living in Berkeley, has contributed to the* New York Times, Harper's, *the* Christian Science Monitor *and others.*

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obviously fond of her, he wisely avoids any comparisons and her novel is mentioned only in a footnote—and as such satisfies the appetite of both historical and literary curiosity. We now know that Lamy/Latour are not one and the same but two separate identities sharing a common space like fraternal but unidentical twins.

It is now much clearer how much more imagination and how little "deadening" information Cather incorporated. For her Lamy's saga was immensely appealing—and familiar: the vast yet surprising landscape; the monumental missions in romantic ruin; in American New Mexico an echo of the ancient struggle of the Teutons vs. Latinity; and, most of all, Catholicism, raw and revitalized, cleansed of its Syllabus of Errors. But Latour is much more clearly a Cather characterization, one of those drifted souls locked in a paradox like a seacoast in Bohemia. He is the pious reincarnation of the agnostic Godfrey St. Peter in *The Professor's House* as well as all the other characters who reiterate her theme of civilized men transplanted to new soil. It isn't that Cather's characters are all similar—they are all tending the same garden! Gardens, gardens, gardens. Her favorite symbol inevitably drew her to Lamy whose famous garden was both beautiful and instructive. He brought nuns and vestments across the plains but also dozens of saplings, switches and seeds to demonstrate the desert's fertility. Latour gets not one but two gardens, the legend of Acoma is given a garden plot, and scenes as disparate as Rome and Sonora are invested with gardens, grand and small.

She also invests Latour with a new persona. Whereas Lamy had some of the dour, flinty outlook of the Auvergnat stereotype, she creates splendid childhood visits in Provence for Latour where he can dream of peaches inhaling the sun, the lissome grace of an Avignon afternoon above the Palais des Papes, the stale and ancient air of Romanesque cathedrals; and she elevates his family to a tradition of scholarship and preaching instead of Lamy's peasant origins. Latour is cut

out of wholly different cloth—while Lamy had little time to read, he invariably chose sentimental hagiographies and homilies—Latour's tastes are Cather's: Mme. de Sévigné, Augustine, Pascal. Latour is softer, more *mondaine* than the rough-and-ready bishop who settled in hell-for-leather Santa Fe.

Horgan too has had to use his imagination while eschewing the fables that Cather incorporated. Scrupulous in his sifting of the materials, slightly *too* diligent in the presentation of the disputes with the Durango see, surprisingly careless with minor names and locations, he has probed every possible source to create a definitive biography. But then, how many sources can a frontier bishop be expected to have? Some of the clergy he inherited were barely literate; Lamy's own travels kept him away from official correspondence for months at a time. In the early years, mail was available only once a month. He was not the contemplative sort to spend his retirement writing memoirs. Horgan has had to innovate, and it is this innovation which brings him close to the spirit of Cather's narrative.

The finest touches in the book are Horgan's "improvisations:" the ceremony of Lamy's investiture derived from the ordinals; a sidetrip by young French missionaries to Niagara Falls where they reflect upon Chateaubriand's impressions, which were popular then; Lamy's pious view of Rome contrasted by a contemporary account of Henry James. The book is filled with these inspired innovations which flesh out a story that, in less sensitive hands, could become tedious or spotty. I cannot recall a biography that uses its material so suggestively, not with distortion or as mere embellishment but to knit it into one piece.

The result is a novel biography just as Cather's was a biographical novel and the readers of *Commonweal* can at last understand why Cather's letter was a plaintive plea to appreciate that the imagination must ultimately vein the story.

MICHAEL NIFLIS

SIGNALS

Old men
with advice
for youth

are like traffic signals
blinking their greens
reds and yellows

after midnight
in rain
at the empty streets

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CONSERVATIVES IN PROFILE

QUINCY HOWE

Prophets on the Right: Profiles of Conservative Critics of American Globalism

RONALD RADOSH

Simon and Schuster, $9.95

My first seventy-five years have taught me that if you stick around long enough you will see everything—twice. *Prophets of the Right* therefore takes me back to the 1930s when Charles A. Beard, Oswald Garrison Villard, and John T. Flynn called themselves liberals; when Lawrence Dennis called himself a fascist; and only Robert Taft called himself a conservative. Nor was I alone, during those years, in calling all five of them—and myself too—isolationists. Professor Ronald Radosh who teaches history at the University of the City of New York has now reached the same age I did during the 1930s and describes all these men as "Conservative Critics of American Globalism."

Names change their meanings with the years and meanings their significance. Conservatives now call liberals totalitarians and totalitarians call liberals fascists while the ex-fascist Lawrence Dennis seems to have become the last of our free-enterprise liberals. Professor Radosh calls himself "a radical historian" and the *Village Voice* calls him "a long-time activist with the anti-war and Socialist movements." I called myself an unrepentant isolationist until Hitler's invasion of Russia. Since Truman ordered the atomic bombing of Hiroshima I have become a reluctant globalist.

In his introduction Professor Radosh argues that history requires us not to stay in the present but to return to the past and move toward the present of which we gain a new understanding on our way. The first thirty years of my life spanned the First World War and its aftermath; the first thirty years of Professor Radosh's life spanned the Second World War and its aftermath. But since those first thirty years, my generation has added more than forty more years to its past. Far from preparing us to cope with the present, our experience has overwhelmed us. The generation to which Professor Radosh belongs, on the other hand, can now recapture our past through selective study rather than at the turbulent school of experience. And in *Prophets on the Right* Professor Radosh has done just that, thus enabling me, as a participant in some of the controversies covered in his book, to re-appraise some of his impressions of them in the fading light of my own.

Here goes: in 1910, the historian Henry Adams announced the birth of the twentieth century with the prediction that American civilization would succumb within twenty years to the acceleration of its own technology. He died in 1918, the victim of his over-estimate of the rate at which American technology and, with it American history, were accelerating. By the 1930s, another American historian, Charles A. Beard, more than thirty years younger than Adams, was predicting that the domestic policies of the American plutocracy would lead, first, to American intervention in foreign wars and global crusades and finally to permanent and fatal imperial expansion across the Pacific to the mainland of Asia. Beard lived until 1948, long enough (that is) to see America's involvement in the Second World War make the first half of his prophecy come true. He would have had to live another thirty years to see America's involvement in Vietnam vindicate his ceaseless warnings against America's manifest destiny in Asia as preached by the first Roosevelt and practiced by the second Roosevelt and his successors.

If Professor Radosh's *Prophets of the Right* has done nothing else, his opening Profile of Charles A. Beard restores Beard to his rightful status as our outstanding pre-war and post-war isolationist, and the inclusion of four surplus Prophets of the Right establishes the book's definitive nature. Oswald Garrison Villard, a gentleman reformer of the old school, never had the semblance of a national following. At the age of 60 in 1932 his best years lay behind him and his firm, pacifist stand throughout both World Wars bears witness to his moral courage if not to his political wisdom. When *The Nation*, the liberal -radical weekly that Villard had inherited from his father, dropped him and his weekly column in 1940 he had no other place to go. John T. Flynn, on the other hand—whose belligerently isolationist, bitterly anti-Roosevelt column cost him his job on the *New Republic*—had long established himself as one of the most popular pleaders of the isolationist cause in books, magazines, pamphlets, broadcasts, and public debates. "I say this New Deal is a fake," wrote Flynn in the *New Republic* in 1933, "It has been sold to our people as a great liberal revolution." What a contrast to Beard's solemn observation, set down in the year 1935: "The Jefferson party gave the nation the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and its participation in the World War. The Pacific War awaits." But the worst had yet to come. During the 1950s Flynn lost his hot head and became, for several years, a disciple of Senator Joe McCarthy. He lived long enough to rue the tragedy that he had brought upon himself.

A different tragedy befell Senator Taft. No other isolationist before, dur-

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ing or after the war commanded a fraction of the popular support that his senatorial career had brought him. Yet it was precisely this political career that brought about his undoing. No other Republican leader foresaw more clearly the post-war let-down which he recognized the greatest political opportunity to come the Repubicans' way since 1920. But Taft also foresaw at the time more clearly than Professor Radosh now sees in retrospect how much stronger Roosevelt and his successors had left the Democrats in 1948 than Wilson had left them in 1920. Taft rejected the cold war and voted against American membership in NATO. But his personal friendship for Senator Vandenberg and his over-riding concern for party and national unity persuaded him to support the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan in 1948. Taft had dared to condemn the Nuremberg trials but declined to make an issue of the dispatch of American troops to Western Europe and the Far East. The cream of the jest came in 1952 when Eisenhower defeated Taft for the Republican presidential nomination by leading Taft's party down the bi-partisan foreign-policy road that Taft's own vacillations of 1948 had opened.

Professor Radosh's inclusion of Lawrence Dennis among the Prophets of the Right provides the touch of the bizarre that imparts the necessary element of authenticity to his book. By describing himself as a fascist—and even writing a book entitled *The Coming American Fascism* to prove it—Dennis assured himself an endless succession of public appearance in behalf of a point of view that few, if any, of his fellow graduates from Exeter or Harvard cared or dared to set forth. An incorruptible cynic, Dennis followed up his wartime indulgence of Hitler and Mussolini with a similar post-war indulgence of Stalin. No conscientious objector could match his idealism, no rhetorician his dialectic. For instance, Dennis cut through the mountains of cant piled up by the pro-Hiss and anti-Hiss supporters with: "To jail Alger Hiss, a Carnegie Foundation parlor pink for perjury makes the same sort of sense that jailing Al Capone on an income tax evasion charge made."

The proof of the pudding turned out, as usual, to be in the eating. Dennis never reached a mass audience. He was a Horatio Alger hero—only in reverse. But if Senator Taft was the one post-war isolationist who might have reversed America's course in 1948, Charles A. Beard became, posthumously, the first American historian of any persuasion to throw so much new light on the roots of our present tribulations and to suggest that still more revisions of the eras of the two Roosevelts are still in order.

The Catholic Cult of the Paraclete

JOSEPH H. FICHTER

Sheed & Ward, $6.95

The Charismatic Movement

MICHAEL P. HAMILTON, EDIT.

Eerdmans, $3.95

The Holy Spirit and Power: The Catholic Charismatic Renewal

KILIAN McDONNELL, EDIT.

Doubleday, $2.95

A New Pentecost?

LEON JOSEPH CARDINAL SUENENS

Seabury, $7.95

Suenens: A Portrait

ELIZABETH HAMILTON

Doubleday, $7.95

RALPH A. KEIFER

Catholic charismatic renewal found a place even in *Newsweek* last year, so these books are apt to attract more attention than they normally would. Some of them are apt to be of particular significance as critique of the movement is rising as an issue. Hamilton's study of Suenens suggests something of the kind of breadth of concern that can lead some people to charismatic renewal. Suenens' own book suggests in an even more personal way how an intelligent and articulate person can find a spiritual kinship with the movement. Similarly, McDonnell *et. al.* indicate an integration of charismatic experience and contemporary Catholic thinking that is bound to give skeptics pause.

On the other side of the fence, Fichter's work is especially important because it reflects the first large-scale disciplined study of the movement in its Catholic phase. Misleading as the title is (charismatic renewal is more aptly described as a Jesus cult), the book brings important new dimensions to serious critique. *The Charismatic Movement* is less successful all around. There is little about the Catholic phase of the movement. The book also displays an inordinate interest in speaking in tongues (more than a third of the book). Which is rather like attempting to explain Roman Catholicism and devoting a third of the effort to devotion to St. Joseph. Some of the articles reflect serious incompetence. For example, one author coolly describes such things as ESP, telepathy, precognition, and clairvoyance as having demonic origin. For those wanting general background on the movement, Hollenweger's *The Pentecostals* (Augsburg, 1972) is immeasurably superior to this patchy and ill-conceived potpourri.

One of the most striking discrepancies in the other books is the difference between the impression of the movement conveyed by writers like Suenens and the data yielded up by Fichter. Part of it is the commonly noted fact that popular manifestations of a religious phenomenon will be more rough and ready than the expressions of its more articulate apologists. But it is not quite as simple as all that. The movement is incredibly complex, and outsiders seem to have been slow to perceive that complexity. It is more than a devotion or a teaching, though it contains both elements. And it is not a movement focused on one particular issue, like women's liberation or the liturgical movement. It is a popular spirituality. And at last, we have Fichter to thank for drawing attention to

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the fact that it is also a "political" movement—though charismatics would vigorously resist the description, and Fichter does not use the term. But a movement that is rapidly creating new social structures and carries a claim not only to an experience but also to a set of values and pattern of living to offer the whole church, is political by definition.

Not every person who becomes involved in charismatic renewal appropriates all those complex facets of the movement. But there is a definite thrust toward distinctively charismatic lifestyles, distinctively charismatic communities, and toward inviting the whole church to that distinctive style and tone. The theological and reflective literature (Suenens, McDonnell), tends not to stress this very concrete feature of the movement. But to share the charismatic experience means (with rare exceptions) to share in the life of a concrete charismatic community. To put it crudely, charismatics do not simply invite people to a renewal in the Spirit, they may also invite them to have *Jesus is Lord* bumper stickers and all manner of other specificities which may or may not represent spiritual renewal. Cardinal Suenens may affirm that renewal in the Spirit is no more dependent on joining a charismatic community than learning Spanish is dependent on going to a Berlitz school. But that is not the way most charismatic groups live and act.

Too little attention has been paid to the "political" character of the movement. In particular too little attention has been paid to its network of communications and to its authority structure. Proper evaluation will only be possible when attention is focused more directly on that matter. And proper evaluation is a matter of pressing and increasing importance. The movement will have a lasting impact on the history of the church in this country, representing as it does a diverse and broadly based aspiration for spiritual renewal at a time when there is a growing Catholic concern for a deeper spirituality.

The movement thrives on association among charismatics. That best known vehicle of association, the prayer meeting, is far from the only one. Along with numerous informal encounters, immense energy is devoted to instruction and counseling. Leadership patterns quickly emerge. In many cases, the impetus toward association has developed into a system of highly structured households or other ordered groupings at the center of local charismatic communities.

Lay leadership is much in evidence, and clergy more often than not function in a kind of chaplaincy role. This situation is not necessarily bad; Irish Christianity functioned for centuries on a similar model. And in a church where ministry dominated by priestly leadership is probably not desirable, and very likely not feasible, such an arrangement may be a pattern for the church of the future. But large numbers of the charismatic leadership on the local level are professionally untrained in theology or disciplines relating to pastoral care (e.g., psychology). Occasionally, ignorance of these disciplines is abetted by antipathy to them. The presence of large numbers of professionally untrained people in an active teaching and counseling ministry surely poses hard questions.

Fichter observes that it is often the most enthusiastic person who assumes leadership as the most obviously "spirit-filled." This is probably not the best way to assure that appropriate teaching and guidance are being given. Worse, some charismatics resist the assistance of non-charismatic professionals. Too frequently, only charismatics get a hearing among charismatics. For instance, Fichter notes the typical yearning for a "spirit-filled" priestly leadership. This at least suggests that the ministrations of non-charismatic clergy are received with less than open arms.

There is also a questionable dominance of instructional materials of a particular type. The monthly *New Covenant* from Ann Arbor and the charismatic communication center in South Bend are the sources of an enormous quantity of printed and taped instructional material used by many charismatic communities throughout the country. Yet there has been no outside attempt to evaluate either the quality or the impact of this immense flood of devotional and catechetical material. The literature produced by the theologians of the movement tends to be impressive. But the real question is whether that kind of theology is being filtered to the grassroots through the movement's catechetical materials or through the style and tone of its powerful lay leadership when it addresses its constituency.

The presence of theologians in the movement does not assure that they have more of a hearing than theologians do elsewhere. What is functioning as norm and guide for teaching in the movement is unclear. For example, the theological exponents deplore elitism and acknowledge that there are manifold works of the Spirit in the church. Yet this is not the general impression conveyed by either the *New Covenant* or the commoner catechetical materials in the movement. On the popular level, the impression is frequently conveyed that charismatic renewal is *the* renewal.

The movement's use of scripture ought to be a matter of special concern. One of the grand silences surrounding the movement is the lack of any widespread response from biblical scholars. "Is it biblical?" is not a question that has engaged Catholics as a matter of central concern for centuries. But in evaluating this movement, the question takes on new immediacy. Biblical foundation is claimed for all kinds of attitudes and practices, especially in the movement's teaching and catechetics. It is therefore a matter of importance to determine whether such claims are warranted.

McDonnell argues (rightly) that the theological evaluation of the movement requires attention to the best it produces, not the worse. He says, "If a theological evaluation is made at the level of its populist expression, then the judgment on the renewal may be severe . . . judgment should be made . . . on the basis of its more mature expression." This is quite pertinent

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when speaking of the movement's theology. But what is to guarantee that the "mature expression" is any more than the point of view of a handful of atypical individuals? Reading the better materials from the movement is a little like reading Rahner's reflections on the popular devotions of the forties and fifties. They highlight positive values and potentialities and correct misperceptions. But they have little to say about what is actually functioning as a norm or guide.

McDonnell defends the movement's relative crudity of expression on the basis of its "lay" character, i.e., its character as a popular movement, "lay in the modalities of its expression, in its procedures, in its immediacy with which it approaches religious reality, in the lack of nuance of its religious expression." This is helpful as a caution against too harsh a critique of the simple and the inarticulate and the uninformed. But the leadership that has control over publication is none of these things. The unanswered question is: how much of the unhealthy religiosity the movement sometimes generates is being fostered or at least left unresisted by its leadership, especially by its leadership that controls its catechetics?

Another unanswered question in the wake of Fichter's study is the question of the relationship of the movement to the wider church—specifically to the clergy and to the parish. Fichter concludes that the movement is not notably anti-clerical. But his sources for this are his reports of *charismatic* attitudes and views. His report indicates a decided charismatic preference for priests who are also charismatic. The question of the relation of charismatics to non-charismatic clergy is unexplored territory (apart from some very negative remarks from charismatics noted by Fichter). Had non-charismatic clergy been surveyed as well, they might have registered more negative impressions of movement-clergy relations. As to charismatic attitudes toward parish life, the report is also rather favorable. But here again, non-charismatic parishioners were not interviewed or surveyed in significant numbers. They might have registered rather different perceptions than their charismatic fellow-parishioners.

Briefly, the movement tends to dictate the terms of its own evaluation. It does so because of the strong reliance of outsiders on the movement's favorite genre—membership testimony. Fichter draws attention to the highly organized features of the movement—a contrast to the public image long projected by the movement. Such a contrast calls into question the adequacy of evaluation on the basis of charismatic testimony alone. This movement claims to have something to offer the whole church, and it is unequivocal in that claim. If so, the church has the right to ask on its own terms, not on the terms defined by the movement, and not even on the terms defined by its best representatives.

A Hero in His Time

ARTHUR A. COHEN

Random House, $8.95

ROBERT PHILLIPS

Arthur A. Cohen, whose non-fiction books include a study of Osip Mandelstam, has published a novel about a minor Russian Jewish poet, who, after decades of political evasion, faces a survival crisis when asked to perform a spy mission for the Soviet government. The poet, Yuri Maximovich Isakovsky, is portrayed with affection and understanding and true insight into the Soviet government and world of letters. Unfortunately, the other characters are largely two-dimensional foils who function merely to propel Cohen's increasingly preposterous plot. On occasion even Cohen's understanding of his "hero" is questionable: Twice during the concluding chapters he expects the reader to believe Yuri completely forgot "the piece of work," the spy job, he had been sent to America to execute. Could a nervous, sensitive man ever really forget the mission on which his very life depends?

The novel has other important flaws. One is simply a matter of pacing. Cohen frequently digresses from his plot and characters to philosophize and speculate in a manner more befitting a treatise than a novel. The excerpts from Yuri's journal, sandwiched within chapters, do little to contribute to our knowledge of the poet. Worse, Cohen's own language is often trite, as when Yuri consummates his affair with the American Greta: "At last, some time beyond the familiar time at which Yuri Maximovich would have been done with his pleasure, they completed the festivities: the final display, the rockets, the rockets exploded, and dizzy from a thousand lights they fell apart and stared up at the ceiling . . ." Orgasm described as rockets and fireworks is a staple literary stereotype—Tennessee Williams had the near-illiterate Stanley Kowalski use the analogy decades ago—and Cohen surely could do better. If, as in Williams, the description was intended to be attributed to Cohen's hero, all the worse: it is a poor poet indeed who is not more original. Nor are Cohen's hits at the American literary establishment terribly clever. His portrait of Stanley Kunitz, barely disguised as "Panitz," seems especially gratuitous and unfortunate.

Despite these reservations, *A Hero in His Time* (the title doubtless based upon Lermontov's *A Hero in Our Time*) is a worthwhile read. Worthwhile because the reader ultimately is involved with Yuri's fate, and cares about the outcome of that proud and somewhat self-loving poet's mission in America. Along the way Cohen conveys a good deal of knowledge of contemporary Russian history, as when he posits the thesis that, for Russians, history is a god to whom they sacrifice, as a way to humanize history. "We transform it from an energy into a little god with a voracious appetite. The god is grasping and hungry. It requires sacrifice and propitiation." Yuri Isakovsky, with his rage for justice, attempts to buck the system and exercise the one freedom which Cohen states is guaranteed in Russia: the freedom to find one's own life and the freedom to lose it. Read on this level the novel satisfies.

Which is more than can be said of

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the physical production of the book itself—those properties over which the author has no control or responsibility. Priced at $8.95 before tax, the "hardback" novel's boards are cardboard with only a cloth spine. The unsewn binding is of the so-called "perfect" variety—that is, merely glued. Most annoying, the open book snaps shut like the jaws of an alligator if the reader does not keep it firmly and constantly held in both hands. We all know production costs have soared, but one could and does hope for better than this for nine dollars a copy.

The Classic: Literary Images of Permanence and Change

FRANK KERMODE

Viking, $7.95

ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS

This brief, erudite and strangely diverse book consists of the T.S. Eliot Memorial Lectures given by Frank Kermode at the University of Kent. The occasion was ceremonial, and Kermode's title—taken from Eliot's own lecture, "What is a Classic?," delivered to the Virgil Society in 1944—might suggest a conventional approach to an exhausted subject. But the first sentence, in which Kermode addresses Eliot as imperialist, not poet, dispels any such fear. Before we know it, nor have quite realized where the logic is leading, the lectures carry us by giant steps from Dante's attitude toward the Donation of Constantine and Marvell's portrait of Cromwell in the *Horatian Ode* to the degenerate chickens of *The House of the Seven Gables* and the telepathic nightmares of *Wuthering Heights*.

Such leaps occur because Kermode is not really talking about the classics as such, but how men and women read and use them. For him, as for Horace, a classic is a work still taken seriously after a hundred years. By then the author is dead along with his first readers. New generations follow with new assumptions, new demands, new "internalized probability systems." These the classic somehow satisfies in ways that its author could not conceivably have imagined. Which readings are permissible? Which readings are right?

This has often been a question of life and death, not to speak of damnation and salvation, ever since sacred texts have required a clerisy, priesthood and church to interpret them. Kermode himself is arguing against the "true meaning" position taken by E.D. Hirsch in *Validity in Interpretation*. That book, Kermode says, "strongly and subtly asserts the view that the *sole* meaning of a work is its author's." A text's meaning, Hirsch insists, is what a mind has designed it to express. For particular readers, it may have all sorts of incidental historical or personal significance, but these are irrelevant if not part of the original intention, permanently implicit in the work.

Sacred texts constitute a difficulty, however, since a divine mind speaks through a human instrument who imperfectly understands the symbolic meaning of what he records. His meaning has to be completed in the light of later revelation, and the history of exegesis shows how easily such interpretation can suffer from cabalism or accommodation. Virgil is a semi-sacred author whose Messianic Eclogue was so completely accepted as a prophecy of the birth of Christ, that a Renaissance writer had the angel Gabriel quote it to Mary at the Annunciation. The Virgil who guided Dante in Hell and Purgatory is obviously much more than the mind behind the *Aeneid*. Eliot's Virgil is Dante's the very model of a classic, the poet of civility, piety, universal Latinity, permanent Empire, the Eternal City.

Yet such devotion creates great problems for Eliot, an Anglo-Catholic expatriate living in Milton's England. Impressed by Dante's arguments for use of the vulgar tongue, the "illustrious vulgar," Eliot paradoxically accuses Milton of provincialism for using too Latin a vocabulary. Though Marvell is a lesser poet and Christian than Milton, Eliot prefers him to Milton because he is, in his irony and urbanity, "closer to the mind of Europe." Meanwhile, empire, with which Eliot was as fascinated as Dante, has taken its westward course to the America that he deserted. But though our Founding Fathers had used a Virgilian tag on the great seal of the United States, still to be seen on every dollar bill, American politics, like Milton's was millennial and Biblical, not Virgilian.

In the face of such incongruities, which he defines with erudition, precision and zest, Kermode looks to nineteenth century novels for some contrasting test cases. Hawthorne has a double relevance. He left—or pretended to leave—a great many matters in his fiction open to the readers' independent determination. At the same time he shared Kermode's preoccupation with permanence and change, with types and antitypes. After reading Cuvier, Buffon and Agassiz, Hawthorne extended this interest to natural species, with the miserable Puncheon chickens as a crucial instance. Emily Brontë about as remote from Dante's Virgil as a writer could be, suggests how much the unconscious contributes to the inexhaustibility of a classic. Kermode treats with admiring disagreement Queenie Leavis's attempt to separate out the "true" novel *Wuthering Heights* from the evidences of false starts and inappropriate influences still inhering in the text Emily Brontë left us.

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REVIEWERS

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Negatively Kermode proves well his case against the "one true reading" doctrine. But his positive argument under the slogan, "the work proposes; man disposes," is less satisfactory. He draws on the French theorists, on Barthes and Levi-Strauss, in defining the text "as a system of signifiers which always shows a surplus after meeting any particular restricted reading." But he does not show how this surplusage, this overdetermination, is peculiarly the case in classics as compared to lesser works, or what it is in the genius of classic authors that makes nearly everything they write so permanently profitable.

His own ideas do not emerge as strongly in this book as they did in the marvelous discussion of history, eternity, fiction and in *The Sense of an Ending* or in the discussion of D.H. Lawrence and apocalypse in his book of essays *Continuities*. Trying to do Virgil and Emily Brontë, T.S. Eliot and Roland Barthes in one brief book is too much even for Frank Kermode. Those who have not read him before would do better to begin with one of his earlier writings. Those who do know him will read *The Classic* as a matter of course, however, for Kermode has one of the finest minds in contemporary criticism, and there is nothing that he touches that he does not in some unexpected way—to use some of his own terms—translate, renovate, eternalize.

The Winter Name of God

JAMES CARROLL

Sheed and Ward, $6.95

Forbidden Disappointments

JAMES CARROLL

Paulist Press, $6.95

GERARD REEDY

The Winter Name of God, a prose "summer's chronicle," and *Forbidden Disappointments*, a collection of twenty-three poems, complement one another. The poems especially help to underscore the heart of the chronicle, James Carroll's interpretation to himself, through memory, of his family. The point of re-entry, and of previous departure, is religious faith. "How is your God my God?," Carroll asks in a poem, "Dear Pop." The prose chronicle develops a richly personal concept of God as *Abba* in such a way that Carroll's renewed faith renews the meaning of his parents' "embraces," a focal image in both books.

The time of *Winter Name* is post-Vietnam. Its author, at the time of writing a Paulist priest, has grown war-weary from anti-war activism. "It had something to do with God. . . . None of the rest of my life would hold if I could not sustain a sense of his nearness." In the summer of 1973, Carroll retreats to a monastery "halfway between Bethlehem and Jerusalem," there to think, go over his life, and read the Scripture, especially the gospel of John. "I was alone and confused and desperate for a word that would explain me to myself." The word becomes *Abba*. Through it, Carroll understands again Jesus' relation to his Father, and his

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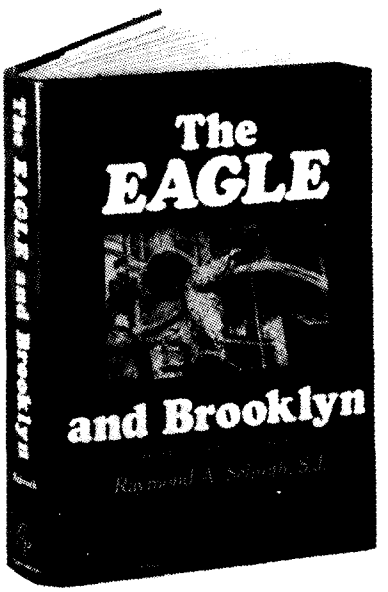

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(Westport, Conn., 1974).
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own relation to his mother and father. The key to Carroll's broad use of *Abba* involves both a clinging to and a letting go. In his own life, this means that painful differences in theology and politics—his father is an Air Force General—do not empty his cry of *Abba* but strengthen it. "Where there is abandonment it is mutual, a consequence of two freedoms at work on each other." Two memories of the Carroll family concretely enrich the concept of *Abba*: his father successfully defends another son's CO status before a draft board and his mother suggests that a fugitive Daniel Berrigan might hide safely in her home. Carroll's return and thanks are these two books.

Carroll interrupts his narrative with his thoughts on a number of topics like the revolt at Masada, midrash, Catholic attitudes towards the body and the "world," male chauvinism, and suicide. Some of these are integrated in his personal search for faith and understanding, some are not. Having assumed the ethos of the searcher and doubter, Carroll occasionally strikes the false note of preachiness. I find the sermons on "flesh" and the "world," for example, full of clichés. On the other hand, Carroll does partly integrate his critical remarks about male chauvinism with his central concept of *Abba*; he notes that of course we must include the feminine, e.g., our mothers, in any adequate notion of "fatherhood." The point was obvious to me —but only after Carroll made it. *Winter Name* frequently talks of suicide and occasionally of its author's fear of starting his day. In regard to his own dark moments, Carroll is finally ironic: "Where has been the real desolation in my life?" He redeems any elements of over-dramatization in his chronicle with final, ingenuous self-effacement. As he writes in the poem, "Priest's Lament," "Here is the worst part./ He has no right to the terror/ into which he crawls at night . . ." Although Carroll reiterates that we are watching the drama, in our day, of "massive cultural mutation," he carefully lets others play the tragic roles.

The language of *Winter Name* tends to evoke rather than explicate meanings, especially in the core passages about fatherhood. Surely one ought not ask Carroll for theses, although he does write a fine, itemized essay at the end in answer to his question: "How does a prayerful person live?" His style of writing, in general, is not exemplary. He uses "is" endlessly. He frequently resorts to sentences composed of subjects only; he emphasizes by using italics where the trained eye and ear expect greater syntactical adroitness. When he kisses a stone that a French guide, dropping his cynicism, tells him Jesus certainly crossed, he almost ruins the moving scene with his style: "Whom I still did not see then, there. At that stone. In the eyes of the Frenchman. In the company of my fellow tourists. I did not see Jesus. But I saw them." Even Carroll's poems now and then speak in this breathless prose, symbolic of exploding emotions that he leaves, coyly or lazily, undeveloped.

Although Carroll includes a few tight, controlled poems in *Forbidden Disappointments*, much of the volume is talky, overly reliant on *meaningful*, stock phrases and situations, and imagistically destitute. The first four poems seem especially flat. While the editors of the Paulist Press have shown their generosity in publishing this volume, this generosity is misplaced in allowing so many generically stated, half-formed items to appear. Too many of these poems simply blurt out experiences in mini-phrases without the semblance of ironic control. It will not do simply to state that one has stayed up late, smoking cigarettes and worrying. How differently, more honestly, and more precisely has Carroll worried about the war and God than you or I? Part of the limited success of *Winter Name* is owing to the image of *Abba*, developed over many pages; this image transforms the author's anxiety and hope into an object of contemplation and makes criticism of content beside the point. The poems often lack such transformation; surely this may occur also through complex rhythm and syntax, but here Carroll is especially weak.

The title comes from the last two words of one of the best poems, "Someone in the Review Board." The four-line stanzas of this poem discipline Carroll's emotion and thought, as does the dominant, skillfully developed image of the "soft middle," the charge against the speaker by someone on the review board for ordination. The new, Frostian image of the last stanza partly achieves its success because the previous stanza has ended definitely, syntactically and thematically, in a Eucharistic reference: "Does that mean I am tough around/ the edges like, say earth? Or, before breaking, bread?" The controlled form mirrors the frank acceptance of the potential destruction of self and others in a priesthood. In Carroll's hand this *topos* remains "forbidden"—and thus interesting—but certainly not disappointing. Other poems also delight. Four poems ("Crows," "Cobbler," "Rain Dance," and "The Window of His Room") consist of visual perceptions, well-drawn, with a political or theological punch. In "Mom in Your Boots," Carroll finds a fresh image and builds it into a frightening question about the closeness of tragedy to our innocent family joys.

As in *Winter Name*, the best writing depends on apparently autobiographical incidents, although not all the autobiographical poems merit equal attention. The last poem, "Pentagon: A Memory," is the most successful of the longer poems given; it happily avoids the cuteness of "The Captive

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Speaking" and the wordiness of "Dear Pop" (a poem which still holds some brightly conceived passages). The final poem tells how an Air Force official brings his twelve-year old son into the Pentagon and how, as the father works late, the son slips away and gets lost. The Pentagon wildly becomes circles, a carousel, circus rings, and, symbolically, much else, as the lost boy penetrates to its heart. One still finds Carroll's stylistic quirks: "Green. Shaded. Vacant./ Just grass. Just growing there. No chairs. Green. Grass." But the exuberant concreteness of the poem overcomes, I think, its stylistic dead points.

There are many sudden beauties in *Forbidden Disappointments*. One finds far more good parts of poems than sustained structures. I found personally memorable: the speaker's father, "warm in the sleep of your God/ after all, not even snoring"; the speaker at breakfast, "watching the day with my other eye/ as if it were my father"; the sudden returning remark of an airline stewardess, putting the superiority of the speaker in its place; an involved conceit of bombs as salt, victims as food, and us the devourers. James Carroll exhibits the bursts of power and fresh perception that poems cannot live without. The present volume too often lacks the complementary virtues: sustained discipline of thought and form, ironic rejection of stock situations, and attention to certain generally accepted rules of good writing.

Blue Eyes

JEROME CHARYN

Simon and Schuster, $7.95

IRVING MALIN

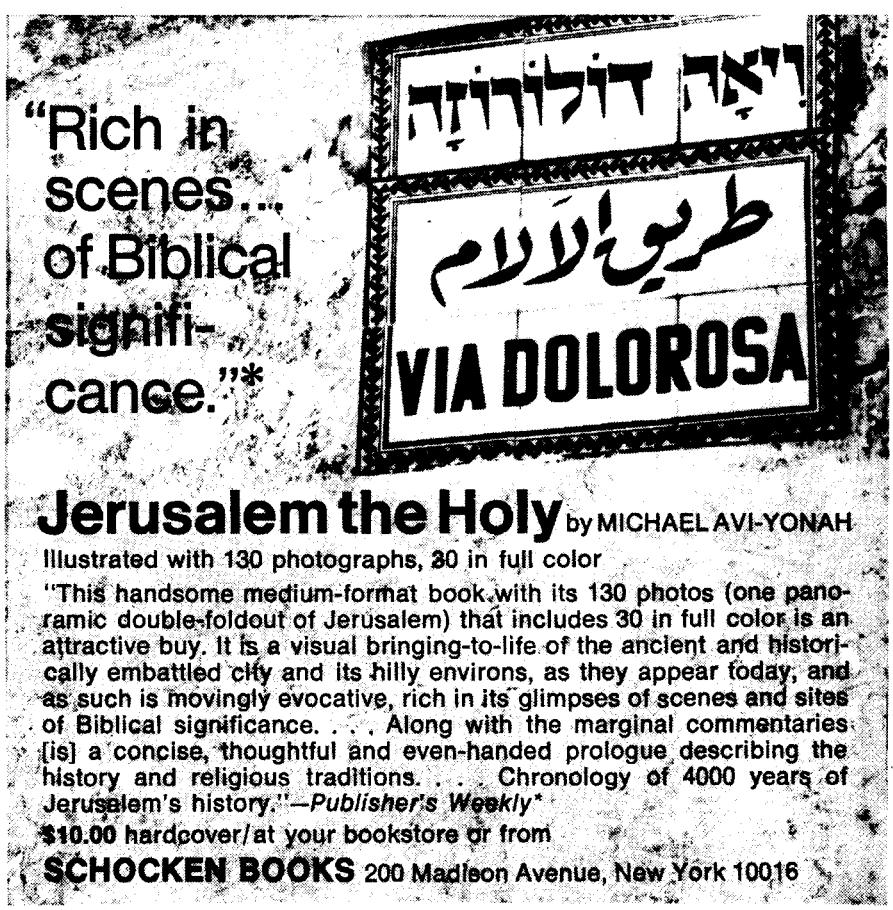
Jerome Charyn is wonderfully deceptive. Although he gives us an accurate, exciting description of urban craziness in his novel, he is also interested in eternal questions of guilt, responsibility, destiny.

His hero is Coen, a detective, who is a loner. He lives on the West Side; he spends more time with the "natives" than with other policemen; he loves exotic foods and characters. Even when he plays ping-pong, he seems to transform the game until it becomes a new, startling ritual: "The gun became a habit. He needed the weight at his hip to make his best shots. And he would rub the badge whenever he missed an easy return or couldn't cross over to his forehand fast enough."

Coen is somewhat "innocent" when it comes to family life. He is divorced (and yet deeply in love with his former wife). He loves his parents who died mysteriously while he was in the army. He discovers that although he can make his way through other "designs," he cannot really understand mysteries at home.

Coen is caught in the net. He appreciates the Guzmann clan—the family has known him since childhood—but he realizes that their criminal activities have partially influenced the fate of his parents. He respects his former superior, Isaac, who has apparently fallen from policeman to thief. Wherever he turns, he finds crossshots, ambiguities, tricky services. It is only in ping-pong that he establishes his own rules of the game and wins consistently.

We are sympathetic towards blue-eyed Coen. We believe that he has not lost his fresh way of seeing reality. We regard him as an "artist." We suspect that he will endure because he is so "human." Thus we are totally unprepared for his sudden death (in a police raid). How can our "hero" die? Once we get over the shock, we admire his manner of death. It seems *appropriate:* "Coen felt a crunch from his teeth down through his groin and into the pit of his legs. He tasted blood behind his nose. His shoes were in his face. He couldn't determine how he had gotten from the table to the wall. He was thirsty now. He remembered a peach he had bought during maneuvers in Worms, a giant red peach, a 'colorado,' for which he paid the equivalent of fifty cents, because the fruitman swore to him in perfect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English that the 'colorado' had come from South America in a crib of ice." Coen dies, thinking of exotic peaches, the "imperfections in the red and yellow fuzz."

In the absence of Coen we see continuing power play. He was used by his "fathers," by Isaac and Guzmann. He was only part of an overall design, a "figure in the carpet." His death *was* "meaningful" as a means to an end. *Coen* was a patsy! Charyn forces us to observe his "hero" as a loser in the grand game and, by doing so, he terrifies us into recognizing the final deceptiveness of life.

We are left with fragments, pieces of the puzzle (which are, in themselves, incomplete). We are unsure about heroes and villains. Suddenly we see Isaac as shaper of plots; we recognize that he has mistreated Coen—that he is "evil." And we consider Guzmann as sympathetic mourner and "good" father. (It is no wonder that he is called "Papa.") He laments the fate of Coen, the craziness of life: "Papa was no moneygrab. He could have hired professional mourners to trick the three judges of purgatory (Solomon, Samuel, and Saint Jerome) with powerful cries from the lungs. These mourners had sensible rates. They could tear through walls with a cry for anyone who could meet their price. But to Papa cries weren't enough. The dead needed whole families to intercede for them. . . ." Papa regards Coen as his "son." But he cannot resurrect him.

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DOUBLEDAY

It is clear that Charyn is interested in more than a fast-moving, sharp, and grotesque description of New York crime. He writes a "metaphysical" mystery. His detective is a kind of priest—Coen in Hebrew means spiritual leader—who tries to order reality and to offer faith to others, especially the crippled. (His sidekick is lame.)

Charyn believes that Coen's rituals are warm but ineffective. There are other forces which restrict the detective. The universe is mysterious, possibly "evil." Coen can never know his proper place in the ultimate plot; he can merely live briefly and, perhaps, pass on his light to others.

I do not mean to imply that Charyn despairs. He understands that by writing his novel (which shapes chaos), he, like Coen, restores our sense of human order. He offers an odd mixture of hope and absurdity. He comforts us in a strange, creative manner.

IN BRIEF

THE PRINTS OF ROCKWELL KENT, *by Dan Burne Jones. University of Chicago Press, $32.50.* Rockwell Kent (1882-1971) was one of the extraordinary talents of his period, and the University of Chicago Press serves both the arts and his memory well with this handsome catalogue *raisonné* of his prints. Index gaps notwithstanding, the book is a careful piece of scholarship by the person who is Kent's official bibliographer. As such it is an essential item in the study and appreciation of a man who was quasi-ideologue as well as artist-exquisite, and who is emerging into a new prominence as the temperaments of another day sweep away the last of the prejudices that penalized artists and their art for political and social theories held. Jones' book features 156 prints, including the famous "Workers of the World, Unite!" (1937) and "Eternal Vigilance Is the Price of Liberty" (1945). In the appendices are lesser Kent prints, patterns and designs for textiles, and prints made from drawings for J. J. Lankes woodcuts. There is also a bibliography of works by, about and containing originals or reproductions of Kent's prints. The whole confirms the range, and solidifies the genius and versatility of Rockwell Kent. JOHN DEEDY

Steinfels (Cont.)

"Fourteen Points," to "open covenants . . . openly arrived at" and diplomacy which "shall proceed always frankly and in the public view." This is evidently the view of the American Civil Liberties Union; the lead item in an "ACLU Plan" to control intelligence agencies is: "Abolish all clandestine activities in foreign countries during peacetime." I do not think it has been demonstrated that clandestine activity *per se*, of all sorts and including the gathering of intelligence data, is the problem, and that abolishing it would bring us closer to peace rather than to war. On the contrary, were the CIA and the other intelligence agencies to improve on the weak record of performance documented by the House Select Committee, they could not do so without at least some clandestine activities.

For those of us persuaded first, that a degree of secrecy is unavoidable in international politics and, second, that congressional oversight of intelligence operations is a necessity, the conclusion follows that Congress must be able to keep some secrets. Keep them, furthermore, not just most of the time but virtually all of the time. Keep them, and be trusted to keep them—which implies mechanisms of enforcement with teeth in them.

To devise a system which can effectively control intelligence agencies and yet maintain secrecy may strike some observers as a contradiction in terms. It is a contradiction in terms, in fact, less than its opposite. It is simply a difficult but not impossible task. One might suggest certain basic principles; for example, that oversight of intelligence operations should be

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delegated to a limited number of individuals who can therefore be held accountable both for failure to control and for failure to maintain secrecy. As a corollary, and one not observed in previous flings at congressional control, such a small group of individuals should be neither permanent nor self-perpetuating.

It is to tasks like this one that the House of Representatives ought to be bending its efforts, not to baiting the media. The point—and this is my final zag—is that the whole problem hangs together: control and a capacity for secrecy, on the one hand; failure to control and a necessary resort to publicity, on the other. Leaks are but the consequence of the failure of Congress to use its proper powers of oversight—it has long been lax and complicit in allowing the growth of the executive's private legion. If the House intends to investigate its own ethical shortcomings, let it begin with its failure to carry out its constitutional duties; in that context, the question of leaks would find an imporant but subordinate place.

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Abigail McCarthy (Cont.)

incident among the Pawnees which gives us some hope about human nature. They had had an annual custom, surrounded by much ritual, of sacrificing a captured maiden just as the morning star rose. She was kept in ignorance of what was happening to her, and was shot by an arrow through the heart at the same time she was clubbed from behind so that death was instantaneous. *After* she was dead all the warriors of the tribe took turns shooting arrows into her body; her heart was cut out and eaten. Obviously, over the years the sacrifice had been little by little cleansed of its aspect of torture.

In the end a young Pawnee of high reputation rebelled against the rite. He cut the girl free, ran off with her, and returned her to her tribe. "When he returned, he was not punished, but admired for his courage. The people seem to have been relieved to drop a cruel practice, and it ended there."

The growth of the terrible inhumanity of torture, now widespread, excused, and aided by technology, is not inevitable. We can reverse the trend. But we can only do it by accepting personal responsibility. A civilizing process must start somewhere. It does not do to blame the government, the CIA, the multi-national corporation—and turn the page.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 195)

realization to the bishops' attention and temper their present moral and political zeal.

Twelve years ago your editorial would probably have stated that Catholics could in good conscience decline to follow the bishops' lead. That relatively mild attitude would have probably brought you more opposition and abuse than your Jan. 2 editorial is likely to. Because of events inside and outside the church shouldn't we be more modest in charting the movements of the Spirit?

ROLAND LAIRD

Wilmington, Del.

To the Editors: Having read your editorial "The Crisis" [Jan. 2], I feel I should add some comments. The implication of your comments is of the hierarchy of the Church as a group of essentially political individuals whose spiritual mission has become compromised by worldly and self-seeking interests. You picture them perhaps as a group whose overriding thrust is toward personal power as an end in itself—or so it would appear to me and possibly to others. Certainly I am not denying the possibility of such a willful misplacement of priorities among individuals, something for which one day they will have to render a strict accounting. But I feel that one is skating on thin ice by implying that as universal principle. The possibilities, I am sure you will agree, of misinterpretations of actions and motives are so great that we can never really be certain in any individual case. One goes even further out on a limb by collectively tarring a whole group with the same brush.

But an essential point that you make is absolutely correct. There is no question that the *concept* of hierarchy within the Church has been falling more and more into disfavor with the laity. There are reasons, and then there are reasons, for this state of affairs. To limit our

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focus to certain specific issues that have been in the public limelight—divorce, birth control, Papal authority, etc.—is begging the question. These, I feel, are the tip of the iceberg, rationalizations if you will, of something more general and fundamental having to do with how the *mind* of Western society has been evolving in recent years. We have become disillusioned with the whole concept of leadership, especially as it is reflected in a structured, hierarchical sense. The examples of Hitler and Stalin and their ilk and, in our own country, of the recent debacle of Watergate, have produced confusion in discerning between authentic leadership and the abuses thereof. The Vietnam fiasco has downgraded the military, eminently a hierarchical organization, in the public eye. The assassinations of the Kennedys, and of Martin Luther King, seem to point out that truly charismatic individuals always manage somehow to be stolen from our midst. The cynicism that all of this has produced with regard to leadership and authority is bound to rub off on other areas, including not least of all the Church.

There are important sociological factors also at work. There is a real disintegration of community that has been occurring in affluent societies, due among other things to high residential mobility and distractions created by the mass media. Simultaneously, there has come into being a sort of applied existentialism, of an exaggerated desire for individual fulfillment, of "doing your own thing," that erodes community at the same time that it fills the vacuum created by loss of community. There is little room needless to say for the concept of authority or hierarchy in a world such as that!

This, then, is the challenge with which the Christian community of our time is faced: Is the very *idea of* authority obsolete? Are we in other words the prisoners of sociological and historical imperatives, or do we have at our fingertips the means for freeing ourselves of these imperatives through the Truth which sets us free? In other words, in order to arrive at the right answers, we must first ask the right questions. Could one of these questions be that the appropriate subject of debate is not authority, but rather accountability?

Authority I feel there will always be; the concept is built into the marrow of human relationships. The difference between the healthy exercise of authority and tyranny is accountability. Hitler and Stalin considered themselves accountable to no one, with results that are familiar to everyone. A certain kind of pastor comes to mind that people, justly or not, associate with the pre-Vatican II Church. You know him well. His sole area of concern seemed to be the collection basket. While such as he was in theory accountable to his God and to his Bishop, in practice he was also accountable to no one. Again the result often was despotism.

That is why the quality of discernment is so important today between true and bogus authority. A great deal of what is wrong with the world has come about because of surface impressions, stereotypes and emotional responses that fall wide of the real issues. The old adage about the baby and the wash water holds true as much today as ever.

ROBERT W. MEDEIROS

Worcester, Mass.

To the Editors: As one who periodically despairs of *Commonweal*'s ever facing seriously the tragic condition of the American Catholic Church, I was greatly heartened by the superb editorial, "The Crisis" [Jan. 2].

Seldom has a writer so succinctly, directly, but affectionately described the situation that American Catholics face at the present moment. The liturgical crisis the writer describes can be traced, in part, to a crisis of language; without a language for thoughtful evaluation (criticism), we are not likely to develop a language of celebration either. As "The Crisis" so clearly demonstrates, criticism is not and need not be an exercise in cynicism or apologetics; it can and must be a means of finding our way in the world. In liturgy, one might begin with the positive suggestions in that editorial, for worship that is less "priest-centered" and "with smaller groups"; toward practices that "spring less from external pressures and more from inner needs and convictions." (As my brief report, in the Sept. 12, 1975, issue, suggested, there are models for such groups in several communities throughout the U.S.) Additional insights and guidelines are discussed in Cyrille Vogel's "An Alienated Liturgy," *Liturgy: Self-Expression of the Church* (Herder and Herder, 1972) and in the other excellent volumes edited by Herman Schmidt, S.J., in the *Concilium: Religion in the Seventies* series.

MICHAEL TRUE

Park Ridge, Ill.

To the Editors: Your January 2 issue highlighted the facts that we have fewer functioning [News & Views] and fewer relevant, articulate priests [Edit.]. You also called for a believable leadership in the Church, one in touch with the people, one that recognizes the Spirit acting through others.

One of many creative solutions to the problems cited would be to utilize in ministry, whether in a sacramental way or not, priests who have resigned. Many resigned/married because they felt guided by the Spirit to be more in touch with the realities of life . . . marriage, family, labor, economics, politics.

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for Service (CORPUS), of which I am a member, was organized last year to help fill in the gaps in ministerial service which an aging clergy creates and to share with our brother-priests the experiences we have had with relating the gospel to life and its daily joys and problems. Since 555 of 1750 resigned priests contacted told us they would be willing to function again as priests or to function again in some meaningful ministry, we project that at least 3,000 of the 10,000 priests who have resigned in the United States in the past ten years are available for ministry for as little as a telephone call or a postage stamp. We also estimate that 90 percent of these priests are less than 45 years old.

During the Holy Year in which the Pope and the bishops stressed evangelization and reconciliation, I offered my services to three pastors to contact the non-Catholic spouses of their parishioners to see if they would be interested in Jesus' message and in the Church. Each feared what the bishop might think and would not give me a list of people to contact. Yet in 1969 the bishops praised priests who would assist resigned priests to use their talent and experience for the Church. They also warned that unless such gifts were used within the authority of the Church, schism might result.

I believe that CORPUS members could do a great deal for the Church in a variety of ministries, some as leaders in the types of ministries you suggested. They comprise some of the most dedicated men the Church has. To say that the presence once again of such priests in the Church's official ministries would threaten celibacy is a vote of "No Confidence" in each U.S. priest. To suggest that such priests would not be accepted again by the laity because they now have a wife would also be a vote of "No Confidence" in our people, especially women, and would run counter to all opinion polls.

I am strongly opposed to abortion. However, if the bishops expect people to rally to the causes they espouse or expect people to have confidence in their capacity to lead, they first have to demonstrate that they have confidence in the ability of their married brothers (including priests) and sisters to reflect life as it is and to minister as team members to genuine needs. We need more shared ministry, not more isolated clerics. I love them, each of them, but that doesn't mean I will always follow them, especially if they are out of touch; and I believe this reflects what most people think about priests.

What I have suggested about the utilization of resigned priests is obviously not the only solution to the many problems besetting worship, the world or the Church, but officially recognizing and utilizing 3,000 "priests on the bench" and a far greater number of the laity in ministry could be a Spirit-inspired way of saving many a losing game in our nation's parishes.

FRANK J. BONNIKE
Pastoral Care Department
Lutheran General Hospital

Critic's Choice

Notre Dame, Ind.

To the Editors: The staff of the University of Notre Dame Press was pleased to see two of our books among the Critics' Choices for Religious Book Week [Feb. 27]. We agree that John Dunne's *Time and Myth* should be in paperback. In fact, it is now available in paperback for $2.95 from the Notre Dame Press.

JAMES R. LANGFORD
Director

Correction

Two typographical omissions occurred in "April 20, 1989: Fascism Comes to the United States" by Robert Alan Cook (Jan. 2). The underlined words in the following excerpts were inadvertently omitted.

Page 12, col. 1: ". . . Harvard population expert Roger Revelle, for example, calculated that if all the world's arable land were cultivated with the techniques, equipment, irrigation, and fertilizer used on most American farm lands in the early 1970s, the world could support some 30 to 40 billions.

"Obviously, this was neither necessary nor probable, but *merely providing for 7 billion would have been* immensely expensive."

Page 15, col. 2: "Truly, with soaring violence, alcoholism, gambling, *private* and public indebtedness, drug addiction, inflation, unemployment, suburban sprawl, racial tension, and rotting cities, the American scene could only be described as a state of siege."

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Institutes

BIBLICAL INSTITUTE, Trinity College, Burlington, Vermont 05401, June 20-25. Ahern, Duncker, Collins, N. Lapp, Murphy-O'Connor. Write: Director.

SACRED SCRIPTURE: Eighth Annual Institute, August 8-13, 1976. Revs. R. A. F. MacKenzie, John R. Donahue, Sr. M. Ann Michelle Shay. Write Sister Marianna, College Misericordia, Dallas, Pa. 18612.

Workshop

LONERGAN WORKSHOP at Boston College, June 14-18, 1976. Theme: Theology as Public Discourse. I. Lectures: Frederick Crowe, Matthew Lamb, Frederick Lawrence, Philip McShane, Bernard Tyrrell. II. Panels: A) Blessed Rage for Order: Quentin Quesnell (leader) with David Tracy. B) The New Catholic Morality: Joseph Flanagan (focal paper). C) Pastoral Theology: Charles Mulligan (focal paper). D) Psychology and Spirituality: Sebastian Moore (focal paper). E) Theology as Socio-Political Critique: Matthew Lamb (focal paper). III. Two Lonergan Lectures and Lonergan dialogs daily. Write: Fred Lawrence, Theology, BOSTON COLLEGE, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167.

Concerned

DIGNITY, national organization of gay and concerned Catholics, working for more informed theology and pastoral approach to sexuality. Write: DIGNITY, 755 Boylston St., Room 514, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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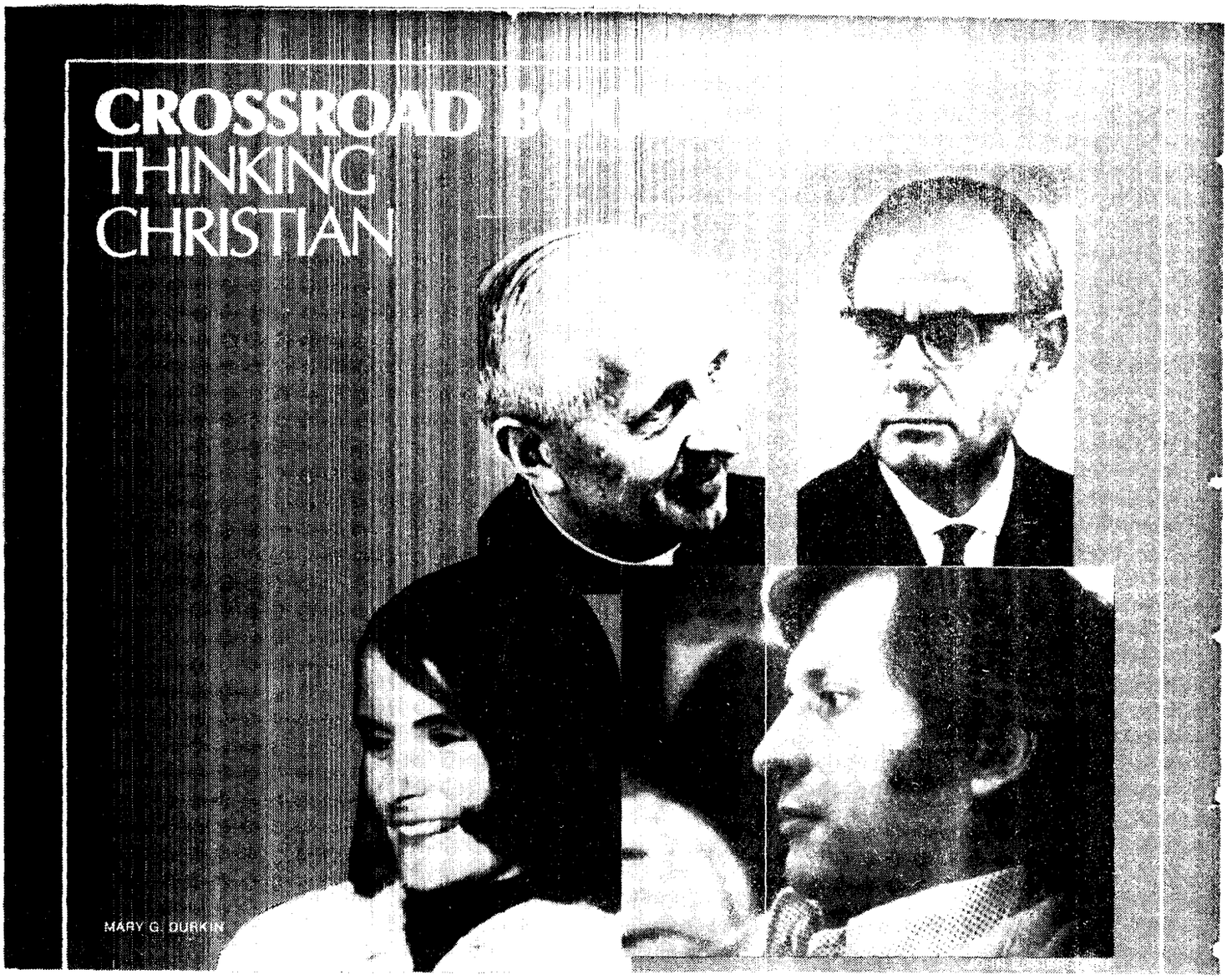

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